The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXIII JULY, 1936 No. 7

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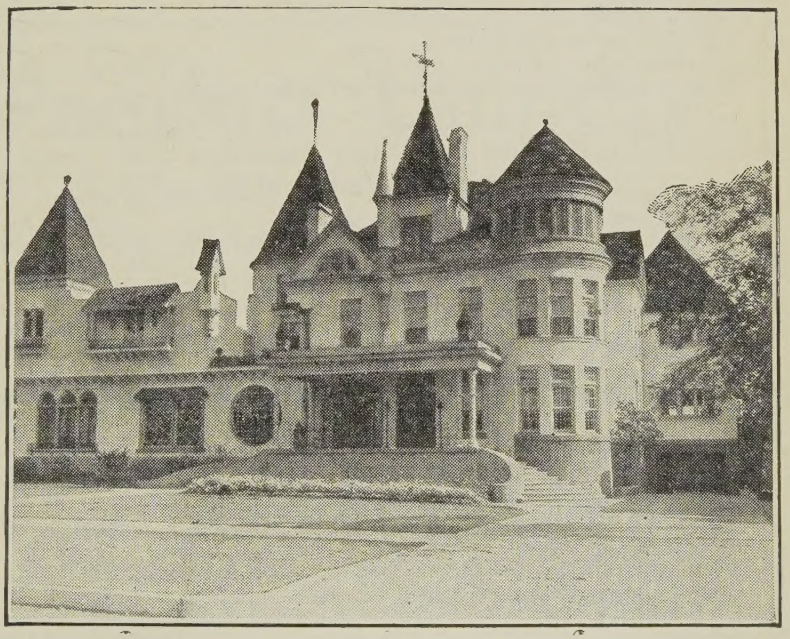

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII JULY, 1936 No. 7

CONTENTS

Utah—My Promised Land ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 403
Frontispiece 404
Woman, The Home Maker ..... Nephi L. Morris 405
The Rocking Chair Route ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 409
The Great Gift ..... Minnie Seaver 411
She Was a Mother ..... Theodore Martineau 419
On The Trails of the Old Kaibab ..... Elsie C. Carroll 421
Understanding Our Children ..... Virginia B. Jacobsen 426
No Country is Settled Until the Women and Children Come ..... Elizabeth Cannon Porter 428
Nauvoo Exodus ..... Bernice Phillips Gibbs 429
The Contributions of Women and Women's Organizations to the Priesthood ..... Janet M. Thompson 431
The Unprepared Teacher ..... Merling D. Clyde 432
Writing and Pasting ..... Yvonne Adamson 434
Patriotism ..... Edith E. Anderson 437
Road Signs ..... Drucilla H. McFarland 437
Prayer ..... By a Mother Who Knows 439
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 442
The Peace That Passeth Understanding ..... Mary Nolan 443
The Possession of Pottery ..... Dorothy Nell Mair 449
How Does Your Religion Function ..... Fern Killian Grote 451
Books of the Old Testament ..... Leona W. Forsgren 453
Waiting ..... Ethellyn Jones 454
Notes to the Field 455
Notes from the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 456
Editorials:
Freedom 459
Brother and Sister Lyman Called to the Mission Field 461
Close of Season's Work 461
Minerva Richards Knowlton 462
Character Building of the Little Child ..... Ida M. Durnin 463
Hidden Worth ..... Eva Willis Wangsgard 465
Appreciation ..... Matilda F. Mortensen 466
Earth's Symphony ..... Linnie Fisher Robinson 466
Child of the Hand-Cart Train ..... Camilla W. Judd 467
Mother ..... Bertha M. Rosvear 468

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MOTHER'S DARLING

By M. H. Olephant

Eyes of blue, so roguish, too,
Rosy lips all smiling;
Tresses swirl, and sweetly curl,
All staid form reviling;
Dimpled hands a' sifting sands,
Sunshine 'round you falling,
Merry play each happy day,
Mother's Little Darling.

O my dear, just frolic here,
Ne'er a pang of sorrow;
Laugh and love, my Little Dove,
'Til the swift tomorrow.
Years may bring us ev'ry sting:
Life holds rough trails, Dearie,
But the Lord, by His great word,
Crowns His trav'lers, weary.

MY BABY'S LAUGH

By Nona H. Brown

I've heard magic music of the bow
In the master's gifted hands,
And flute-like voices read lyric poems
Of wondrous places and lands.

In gorgeous and costly theaters
I've heard world-famed songsters sing
With voices that lilted, thrilled and rose
'Til the rafters seemed to ring!

Oh, I've heard in the dim, cool, woodland
The song of the Hermit Thrush.
And the joyful song of the Skylark,
Burst magic-like on dawn's hush.

'Til my soul like the bird soared upward,
In quivering ecstasy,
And joy complete, unutterable,
Filled the singing soul of me!

In beautiful, stately, cathedrals,
I've heard choirs, wondrous rare.
And it seemed to my heart-like heaven,
With the angels singing there.

The coy, evening, breeze I've heard, sighing
His love to the fragrant rose,
Listened with awe to the brooks gay song,
As it danced on silver toes.

But to music that's far, far, sweeter,
My soul has in rapture bowed,
For today in my humble kitchen,
My wee baby laughed aloud!

GRANDMOTHER

By Mary Stallings

I don't know of anything
  I'd rather do,
Than to sit at your feet,
And listen to you,
Oh Grandmother mine,
With your eyes a-shine.

I don't know of anything
  I'd rather hear,
Than the tales you tell
Of the brave pioneer,
Oh Grandmother mine,
With your smile divine.

Do you think that I,
  If put to the test,
Would leave my home
  And all I love best,
For a Cause sublime,
Oh Grandmother mine?

WE MEET AGAIN

By Ellen Jakeman

At last my lips sing one glad song;
  Your letter comes across the main,
And bears this message to my heart:—
  "This is the year we meet again!"

The mountains swim in frozen mist.
  Snow rests on wintry lake and plain;
But flowers are blooming in my heart,
  This is the year we meet again.

What matter now the lonely years?
  Since joy will cancel all the pain;
Time, toil and sorrows are forgot,—
  This is the year we meet again!

There never was a heart more true;
  Love, hope and faith are not in vain!
Beloved of my inmost soul,
  This is the year we meet again.

Should one be called to realms above,
  And one required to here remain,
We know, as now, when tasks are done,
  We two with joy shall meet again.

Utah—My Promised Land

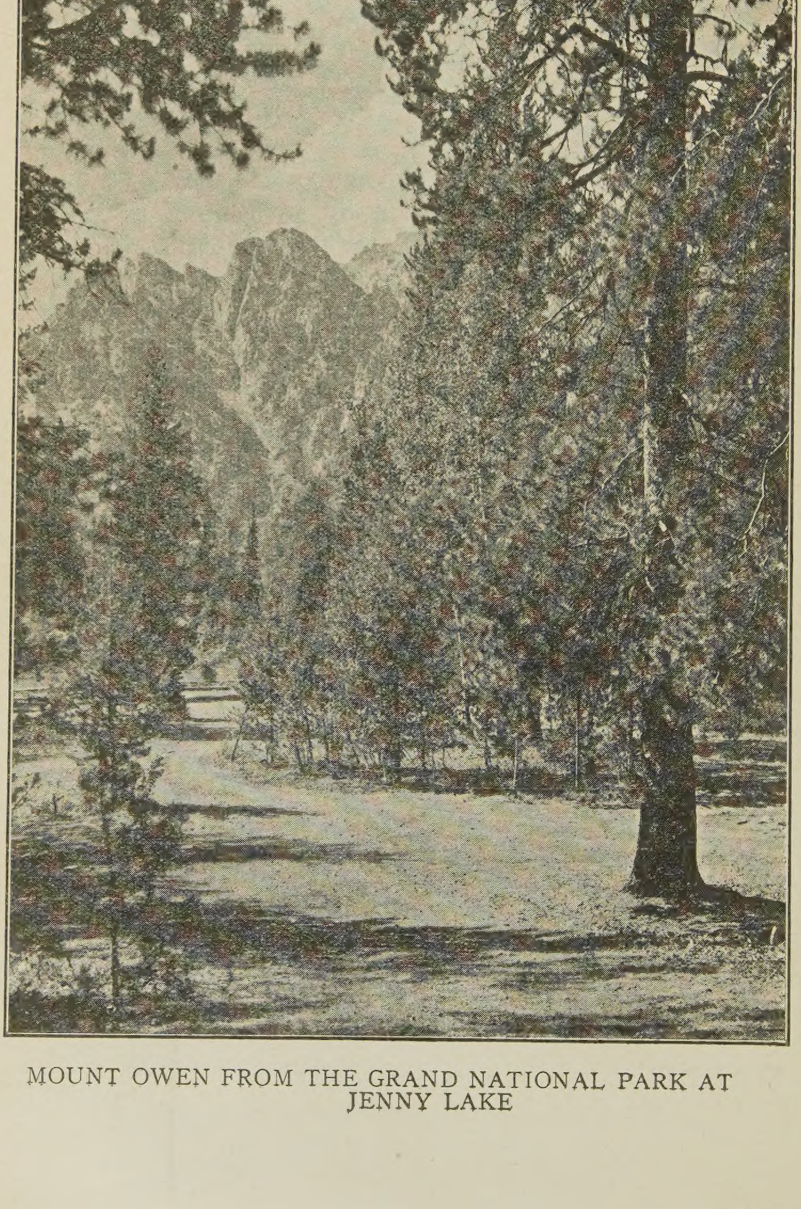
By Bertha A. Kleinman

Where the peaks of the Rockies lift their crest
To commune with the western skies,
There's a land I love—it's my own homeland
And to me it is Paradise.
There the skies are blue with a deeper blue,
There the fields are green with a richer hue,
O Utah—land where my dreams are true,
Is the Promised Land to me.

Where the rivers wind to the Inland Sea,
With the song of a thousand rills,
Where the valleys proffer their golden grain
To the arms of the circling hills,
There the mountains open their gates ajar,
To welcome the world from anear and far,
O Utah, land of the Morning Star
Is the Promised Land to me.

Where the snow of the sego lily drifts
Over the valley and wold,
Where the desert mates the green of sage
With the sunflower's tawny gold,
There the wild of the prairies love to roam,
There the seagull dips in the salty foam,
O Utah, land of my mountain home,
Is the Promised Land to me.

Where the hands of the Builders carry on
And the dream of the Pioneer
Is a Statehood welded with Brotherhood
In the wake of the old frontier,
There the fruited trails of the plain attest
Where the feet of the conquerors have pressed,
O Utah, land of the Golden West,
Is the Promised Land to me!



MOUNT OWEN FROM THE GRAND NATIONAL PARK AT JENNY LAKE

The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIII JULY, 1936 No. 7

Woman the Home Maker: The Pioneer—Her Exalted Place

By Nephi L. Morris

THE homes of a people determine the destiny of the nation. In the same stronghold lies the power and fate of the Church. Homes are institutions which are almost entirely the expression of the personalities of the women who make them. Men build houses and women transform them into homes. The woman is the soul of the sacred institution and when she is not there the home-spirit has also gone. Where she is, is home. This line of reasoning suggests that home is a spiritual thing. The elements which contribute to its making are the graces and tastes, spirit and accomplishments of the woman. Her personality is seen and felt in every feature of the home. These inestimable qualities cannot be bought with money. Peace, trust, security, warmth, welcome, love are things not for sale at the stores. They are the spiritual endowments and adornments which find perfect development in the divine art of home-making.

These exquisite qualities are innate in woman. Girls early manifest the sublime gift in play-houses and doll tending in the crude make-believe creations they start in childhood. The instinct is unerring and prophetic as all true instincts are.

WHEN Deity started man on his career back on the border of time he gave him an help-meet and transformed the botanist and biologist with his catalogued lists of plants and animals, all properly classified, no doubt, into an emotional creature and the reaction of the woman upon him made him delightfully human. This was the first bit of pioneering begun on the earth. The woman element was essential in the enterprise then and ever since. Some modern pioneers seem to omit from the records the contribution made by the women in their heroic achievements. We think we have seen a monument erected to the pioneers of a certain large area consisting of many towns and villages, with the names of the pioneer men boldly inscribed upon the faces of the monument. To the amazement of a visitor there appears to have been done in that community the most miraculous piece of pioneering ever done in the world. Towns and villages, city homes and farms, schools and play grounds and never a woman in the picture. This appears to be a wonderful accomplishment, one quite beyond the ability of Deity back in Eden.

This instance is the more remarkable because the pioneers of Utah and the Rocky Mountain empire dis-

tinguished themselves from all who came before them in the fact that they brought with them in the first company and every succeeding company women and children. As a matter of fact there can be no pioneering without woman. The home, an exclusively feminine product, is the chief factor of civilization and pioneering is not pioneering if it does not civilize and develop the cultural arts which spring into being in the homes and thereby glorify community life.

This explains the age-old maxim about the "hand that rocks the cradle, etc." Social security and all that human welfare holds dear lies in the depths of a woman's soul in the transcendent powers exercised by her in home making. All things are influenced by this most ancient and most sacred of human institutions. The home is the abode of the holy trinity of mortality—the Father, Mother and the Child. As they are revered and loved, civilization is secure. Where they are debased the very heart and soul of humanity is imperiled. From the home comes the ever-flowing stream of human energy, human ideals and ambition. The boon to mankind may also be found in the ever increasing wants that also come from the home. This gives rise to industry, culture, and prosperity. Human ingenuity arises magically to supply human needs and that is the incentive to material progress.

Genius is born and nurtured in the home. Patriots are made there and not in politics or public office. They are often ruined in both. Gentle women and gentle men are the flowering gifts of the home. Geniuses receive from the home atmosphere and spirit their first inspiration which often carries them along the rugged path to glory. For these reasons it is vital, if we would get the most out of humanity, that the home be pure, wholesome, democratic and cooperative in spirit and abounding in opportunity. The spirit of God must be there to fit and qualify the individual members of the home for life's mission.

Geniuses, or persons of possible distinction, often come to homes of unfavorable environment. That is because they were excellently endowed to begin with. Unquestionably the pre-existent life gave opportunities for development of spirit tendencies which are gifts from their heavenly home and they re-appear in their earth-life still seeking adequate development. If, because of his nobility of character, or other specific endowments, an Abraham, or a Jeremiah, may be chosen before his birth in this life for special missions among men, may there not be others likewise sent, ordained previously to attainable destinies?

EVERY well ordered home, established on the principles of sacred care of all souls intrusted to its keeping should contribute to the unfolding of all noble instincts that are intended to equip every child for its earthly career. In this respect the home becomes an ally, or co-partner, with Deity in making the most out of each child born into the world and thereby ennobling the individual and enriching the race. Can there be an earthly institution of greater importance than the home? These things being true is it not reasonable to assume that every home has its mission and opportunity, as well as its responsibility, to promote the life of the individual and thereby the whole? Think of the home that sheltered a Newton, or a Michael Pupin; a Washington and a Lincoln; a Steinmetz and an Edison. What an important thing is the home. Is

it to be wondered at that Deity should make the home a special object of divine concern? It is not going too far to believe that if certain souls have been fore-ordained to certain missions on earth that certain homes may have been chosen for those souls to be born in. Such favored parents share in the high duty of shaping race destinies. And perverted masses of mankind are nothing but neglected souls of many generations.

Here are the words of the Lord on this subject to this generation: "Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion . . . that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ, the Son of God, and of baptism and of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, *the sin be upon the heads of the parents.* "And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

THE family group is a sacred one. The welfare of each is the eternal concern of the whole. Each one, because of the bonds of love that entwine them all to each other, holds in his life the happiness of the whole. Salvation is collective as well as individual. Our salvation is in a manner wrapped up in our kith and kin. As Andrew Jackson approached the end of his life he said to his family: "My dear children and friends, and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black." The last sentence he repeated, "both white and black." He said this looking at them with tenderest emotion. A few days later, as the end obviously approached he said, "Heaven will not be heaven if I do not meet my wife there."

This is in harmony with the law of life as we know it in mortality. Heaven will be natural and governed by intelligent laws. Such hopes are normal to all earthly unions under wedlock sanctified by love. No matter if the marriage vow does limit the duration of the earthly relationship established in the covenant which reads: "To love and to cherish till death do us part." No one can ignore the relationship which has once existed in mortal motherhood. Bonds of the tenderest character, begotten offspring of the noblest sort—eternal souls bound together by the ligaments of human hearts are by nature intended to be eternal. Separation would be a painful tragedy. God designed them to be together eternally.

THE Apostle Paul taught the doctrine of the eternal union which should extend from mortality to immortality as between husband and wife when he said, "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord." That means that in the economy of the Heavenly Father, the union made sacred by parenthood should be perpetuated in the world to come. President Jackson's hopes are well founded. They express the most natural instincts of the human heart. Shall that which is noblest in human nature, maternal love, with its Godlike devotion to a sacred responsibility, be forever abolished or obliterated in the change we call death? And that thereafter only the masculine shall survive? Shall the Mary whom the angel said had "found favor with God" in that she had been selected as the mother of the Lord and to whom the promise was given, "henceforth all generations shall call thee blessed,"—I say, shall her nature then be, in some unthinkable manner, neutralized, and her ennobling virtues nullified? Could she ever become anything more lovely, more beautiful, more glorious, than the Mother of Christ?

The destruction of personality is impossible. Personality is the essential part of the soul and is quite as indestructible. She will always be Mary, "the Mother of Jesus." So will every other woman, who is mother, if she be worthy of her exalted motherhood, be eternally the mother of those to whom she gave birth. Together the man and the woman, with their children, if they obey the celestial law, shall march down through the eons of time eternally progressing and there shall be no end to their kingdom. They shall be added upon and there shall be given to them eternal lives. We think that is what Paul had in mind when he spoke of the inseparability of husband and wife "in the Lord;" i. e., if the Lord's will be done.

Upon the occasion of the presenting to the Boy Scouts of America, the Mortimer L. Schiff Scout Reservation, Governor A. Henry Moore quoted these few lines as a tribute to motherhood:

"Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into dust.
There lies each stately pillar
With consuming rust.
But the temple the woman builded,
Will last while the ages roll;
For her beautiful unseen temple,
Is *the child's immortal soul.*"

Shall she whom we enthrone in the highest exaltation on earth be dethroned in the hereafter? Shall we deny her a place in the skies which we so willingly accord her here on earth? Not as long as the mother-begotten instincts of nobility throb in the human heart.

FOR a full hundred years the Latter-day Saints have sung in their congregations the beautiful hymn called (improperly, I think) "O my Father." Originally it was called "Invocation" or the "Eternal Father and Mother." We call this a new idea concerning motherhood. It should not be so regarded for the reason that Paul tells us that we have had "fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of our spirits and live?" It is perfectly natural to believe that whenever, or wherever, there are fathers of human beings, there are at the same time and place, mothers. And so, the well known "Mormon" hymn unfolds this beautiful principle which deifies motherhood.

Here are the four lines containing "Heavenly Mother" doctrine:

"In the heavens are parents single?
No the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason, truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there."

Inspired by the great light which has come to the earth in this day, Eliza R. Snow, sister of the late President Lorenzo Snow, composed this hymn which is regarded as a revelation of a divine truth. With singular approapriateness it was left to woman to make known, in verse, the truths contained in this well known hymn. The hymn I have long regarded as a theme which in scope and prophetic forth-shadowing is, in fact, a biography of all souls as they run their course through the eons of eternity.

Thus in the light of a new day, woman's place in safe-guarding all that is pure and holy, uplifting and exalting to the race, in this world and in the one to come, the Latter-day Saints see her eternally enthroned in the heart of the world. She is an ally and co-partner of Deity in whose care he entrusts his children and to whose skill and power he commits their training and development.

Shall the product of her hands, the fruitage of her soul, the flower of her affection stand higher than she! Her place is near the throne of God.

The Rocking Chair Route

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

I SHOULD have been a man. That being the case I could have traveled the earth's broad surface picking flowers of satisfaction in unfrequented and inaccessible places. I might then have become rich and famous. But I am a woman and as such must do my adventuring vicariously while my feet of clay cling to their ordained path of Repitition and Routine.

NEAR my home is a desert. I love to ride along the oiled highway that runs through it. But I love much more the numerous little dirt byways that spring from it. There is something so inviting, so intriguing about their half-disclosed, half-hidden tracks. I look at them and long for the days of saddles and pack horses. When, seemingly, there is nothing between earth and sky but sage I come suddenly upon a trail, that starting boldly from the highway, grows modest and with a quick turn defies me to follow it. Often the trail is so faint it's very indistinctness challenges the imagination. Just what is it trying to hide? Is there something especially precious ahead that needs be hidden from a curious crowd?

Occasionally there are sign posts. One says, "to Grandview" and I look wistfully toward the Owhyee Mountains in the blue distance knowing this road leads to them. But what lies between? There is another sign that says, "to Black Creek." Now what is Black Creek? Is it a creek, a canyon, or a mere name for one of those places where a creek should be? I watch intently and see black shadows between high mountains but to the right are rolling slopes covered with a green that can be nothing less than fall grain. Ahead. Ahead. Someday I shall find out what lies beyond. Being a mere woman and steering wheel shy I sit sedately beside the Man of the Family and follow his inclination which is the shortest line between two points.

BUT there is one way I can go where the Spirit listeth and no man shall say me nay. That is the Rocking Chair Route. Through it I am able to explore not alone the Blue Owyhee Mountains and the Black Creek Canyon but the dry stretches, the sage slopes, the unexpected coulees between. By this route I can explore not Idaho Mountains only but all the Mountains and Plains that are upon the Earth. By turning pages I may see Nature in her wildest, darkest or gayest mood and hear the medley of her voices. Someone spills words trippingly from the tongue. One chants a prayer. A mother cries out in anguish. A lover whispers sweet promises under a silver moon. I hear them all.

Nor am I limited to Time. There comes the roll of drums, the marching, marching of endless generations to the west. The step by step upward struggle. The emerging of Good.

BY following this route I find Selma Lagerlof with her Rings and Curses and Milkmaids of Old Sweden. I hear the clatter of farm men as they gather about the fire in the evenings. I hear the deep tones of her bells of the New Jerusalem and catch my breath over her view

of the Eternal City. Along the same byway I discover Johan Bojer. I travel with him the fiords and forested slopes of Norway and with his Emigrants weep over the abundance of life-producing soil in the Dakotas.

In the same general direction but reached by dark toilsome ways is Anna Karenina and a host of her countrymen led by Count Tolstoi. But these are for a darker mood and not to be traveled with too great familiarity so I hasten back to Flanders Field. I climb with William Tell among the Swiss Alps and while resting take a swift peek into a glamorous old Castle on the Rhine. Then down the Blue Danube toward the Far East. Pausing by the Black Sea I scan the battle-scarred hills of the Crimea and exult that courage could make good come of so much evil and ignorance.

Then away and away to the Seeonee Hills where, with the children beside me, I sit on a sheltered log and listen for the Night Song of the Jungle. In the chorus we recognize the deep voice of Baghera; we catch the Cry of the Wolf Pack and the chatter of the Bander-log. We see, too, the shadowy figure of Little Toomai on the broad back of Kala Nag and from over the plains of Punjab we listen again to The Tales from the Hills.

Sometimes it is the Orient that attracts me and I watch breathlessly The Pageant of Chinese History unroll before my eyes. The gorgeous silken robes, the stately manner, the filial devotion arouses within me all I have of courtesy and nobleness.

THERE are days when the Known in history and human relationships is too evident and I sneak back along the road of Time hunting the Neanderthal man and the Mysteries of Peoples long since dead. This path is marked with careful diggings and persistent reconstructions. It leads me into the Great Southwest, to the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Andes and to the jungles of Central America and Mexico. The way is not clearly marked here and one must hunt carefully lest they be deceived by spurious signs. I wander among Ghostly Ruins, Weird Tradition and scarcely glimpsed visions that makes more vivid the journeying and teaching of a Chosen People. I finish it with more faith in Things That are to Come.

THERE is another trail I never travel except in a chastened mood. It is a long, long trail winding a thousand miles over prairie and desert and through mountain defiles. It is marked by nameless graves and hallowed by the Tears and Heart's Blood of a Mighty Host. I finish it with tears in my eyes and thanksgiving in my heart. I bow in Reverence before their Courage while I vow in my heart to live worthy of my Heritage.

IT is a satisfying way this Rocking Chair Route of mine. It holds no discomforts. It costs nothing and has the added attraction of eliminating Time and Space. I can be in The Heart of Midlothian one day and With Byrd at the South Pole the next. When you are tired try it.

The Great Gift

By Minnie Seaver

ISN'T this the loveliest gift?" Excitedly Virginia Morgan extended a tanned arm for her Grandmother to see the small jeweled wrist watch. It was her birthday gift from William Hartley, Summervill's new doctor and decidedly the "Catch" of the season.

"It is very pretty, dear," agreed Grandmother Morgan slowly.

"Grannie, you don't think Mother will mind my keeping this, do you?" she asked anxiously. "She made such a fuss when William gave me those crystals, and of course this is a lot more expensive."

"My dear," said Grandmother slowly, "It isn't that she doesn't approve of Dr. Hartley or doesn't want you to have the things you like, but you have only known him such a short time and—"

"And she's afraid Bob wouldn't like it. Well, what if he doesn't? After all I'm not married to him, and I'm not at all sure that I ever will be. A girl has to consider a lot of things when she gets married. I'd like to marry someone who'd take me places, who could buy me some clothes and a car! Mother's idea of a summer vacation is a one-day picnic, taking the children. And her idea of a formal is a print dress with organdy sleeves."

"I don't see nothin' wrong with Mom's ideas. Who do you think you are anyway, the queen of Ethiopia?" questioned the lanky John, looking up from his book.

"You keep still," blazed his older sister, "I never get any nice clothes and you know it! Since I graduated from high school I've had only two dresses that weren't made-overs, and never any jewelry! When somebody gives me something nice, like those crystals, Mother thinks I shouldn't keep them—because Bob wouldn't understand! Why, you'd think I was already married to him, to hear her talk!"

"Well," volunteered John, "If he ever finds out what kind of a temper you've got, you won't have a chance to get married to him."

"Is that so? Let me tell you something, when he comes home from that mission he may not find me waiting to marry him! He isn"t the only man on earth and what's more when I get married I intend to get something out of it. I'll stay single all my life before I'll marry a man who can't give me the things I want! Bob won't even have a job when he does get back."

John, having returned to his book, offered no further comment. Grandmother looked at her strangely and went back to her sewing.

"You think it's all right for me to keep this watch, don't you, Grandmother.

"I think you should be allowed to decide for yourself whether or not you want to keep it."

"And will you tell Mother that?" hastily interrupted Virginia.

"Why yes, if you want me to. I believe I know a story that would interest you."

Virginia looked doubtful, but she had not yet out-grown the little girl habit of prizing Grandmother's stories, so she sat down on the rough-board floor of the porch.

"We want to hear it," assured

Grace and she immediately began moving her large family of nondescript dolls. Grandmother was constructing a new pair of legs for Beth, largest and homeliest of the doll family.

When John, always loyal to Grandmother's stories, had carefully placed a leaf in his book for a marker, Grandmother began.

MY story begins in early spring in far-away England. A young girl whom we shall call Dorothea, was waiting for her father in the parlor of her home. She walked slowly around the familiar room, stopping before each of the numerous portraits on the wall. Serious men and women looked down at her from their massive gilt frames.

"She stopped in front of the mantel and glared angrily at a bewhiskered gentleman. 'You even look stubborn,' she accused. 'And I suppose that it's only natural Dad should have inherited your disposition! The idea of giving up everything and going to that place called Utah. Why can't he listen to reason.'

"As a matter of fact no one in the family quite understood Father Dale's attitude. His sister, Mrs. Melba Morriston, complained, 'If Richard wasn't so stingy with his words a body might reason with him—but then he's so set in his ways 'twould probably do no good anyway.'

"Mr. Dale knew what he wanted and what he was going to do. He silenced all arguments by repeating again and again, 'I'm convinced that the Mormon religion is true and Martha and I are going to Utah where we can live that religion and build a new home in a new land.'

"He looked forward to the journey and did not understand his wife's reluctance. Martha did not try to explain. Her love for the big house where she had come as a bride so many years ago, would have been hard to put into words. She loved each room, rich in the memory of the childhood of her children, and perhaps most of all she loved the ivy that crept up the wall by her bedroom window. She had planted that ivy the year her first child and only son had been born. Now it stretched across the whole west end of the big brick house and the little trailer that blew constantly across the window sill reminded her of John. And there was always a comfort in cutting the ivy and taking it to the cemetery to lay on her baby's grave. But Dale was her husband, his life was her life and so, silently, she made preparations to go to this far-away land now called Utah.

"Many busy days passed before the house was finally sold and the goods that were to be taken packed. Virginia sometimes glimpsed the pain in her mother's eyes. Pain which the quick drooping lids could not always hide, as she selected the pitifully few keepsakes which were to make the long journey. Dorothea, eighteen, was to stay with her Aunt Melba, but Margaret, five years younger, would go with her parents.

"At last all arrangements were made and on a clear cool morning Father Dale and the excited Margaret sat waiting in the carriage. Dorothea ran through the empty house and found her Mother clutching a sprig of ivy at the bedroom window. For the first time Dorothea realized the significance of their parting. In a few weeks her Mother would be thousands of miles away.

"'I'm going, too,' Dorothea sobbed, 'I can't let you and little Margaret go to that dreadful place alone.'

"'We're going with your father, dear,' her mother reminded her

quietly. 'No, dear, I think it is better that you stay. Aunt Melba is very fond of you and after a while you won't mind our being gone so much and you have promised to marry Phillip next fall. Sometimes,' she finished wistfully, 'when you aren't busy you can come back here and take some of this ivy out to John's grave, and I'll be happier knowing that someone who loved him is near.'

"Dorothea never forgot just how her mother looked standing there, no tears in her eyes, just a calm patient bravery. She held a little piece of ivy in her hand and looked out at the steeple of the Church where she had been married."

The aged Grandmother's voice faltered, and she wiped her glasses.

VIRGINIA moistened her lips, "Did Dorothea stay in England?"

"Yes," resumed Grandmother. "She was young then and although she missed her family very much at first, like her childhood, they soon seemed to belong to a hazy past. Only when she received a letter did their existence seem vivid and real. The first letter came late in May.

"'The trip was very long and very hard,' her mother wrote, 'and now that we are here, even loving your father as I do and trying so hard to accept this new faith in which he so firmly believes, I cannot help but ask myself, For what have I given up my home, my friends, my daughter? Was it for this desolate waste, this briny lake? You cannot imagine how bleak and un-inviting a struggling town looks. And too, frontier life is hard, so very hard for a woman. Yet these people seem contented and your father seems happy. I can scarcely understand it. Religion does strange things to people.

"'Don't fail to realize, my darling, the security and comfort Phillip offers you. I am sure he will do very well in his law office and it is ever a comforting thought to me, that you will not have these hardships to face.

"'I should not write like this. Your father would be displeased if he knew.'

IN the second letter, four months later, discouragement had been replaced by cheerfulness and new hope. Their small farm was planted in Indian corn, wheat and rye. A branch irrigation ditch connected them with the canal which carried water from the Jordan river and their three-roomed house was nearly completed.

"'It is most amazing,' the letter continued, 'how much can be accomplished here in a short time. When a new house is to be built, an irrigation ditch dug or new ground broken all the neighbors come to help. Their willingness to make mutual sacrifices, their remarkable ability, their determination and above all the sincerity of their devotion to God makes the Latter-day Saints a most unusual people.'

"'Your mother must be getting the religious bug, too,' commented Aunt Melba dryly. 'But then she might as well make up her mind to like it, seeing she's there.'

"'It seems to me,' remarked Phillip after reading the letter, 'that all this religion is foolish. Live while you live is my motto and let death take care of itself. I believe religion is mainly for people who are afraid of death anyway.'

"'Dad wasn't religious because he was afraid of anything,' stoutly defended Dorothea,' and you have said yourself that he was a very intelligent man. I wonder what it is about the Mormon religion that made him become so interested?' That was a question to which she found an answer almost a year later.

"Summer slipped into fall and along the quiet streets autumn leaves lay in bright red and golden drifts. Bonfire smoke hung in the hazy air, and Dorothea stitched busily away at the soft curtains and creamy linens that were to go into her hope chest.

"One windy afternoon she came

hurrying into the house and excitedly unwrapped a lovely white satin wedding gown. The little bodice was high and tight with a cluster of pink rose-buds at the waist above the soft billows of the skirt. Aunt Melba was admiring her choice when the postman brought another letter from Utah.

"'Dearest Daughter: It is with a sad heart that I write you this.

"'On the second of July your father had a serious accident. While working on the roof of our house, he fell to the ground, injuring his spine and causing paralysis.

"'Elder Williamson is taking us all to San Francisco, where we can put your father in a hospital. We hope for the best but I think it will be wise for you to take the next boat for San Francisco.

"'May God comfort you and bring you safely to me.

Your Loving Mother.'

"Three days later Phillip put Dorothea on a ship at Portsmouth.

"'You must convince your father of the necessity of coming back to England for medical treatment,' Phillip cautioned her again. 'This religious fanaticism has gone far enough!'

"'Oh, Phillip, don't talk about his religion now!'

"'Well, what else is responsible for his being in that uncivilized desert?'

"'I don't know—but surely he'll get well. He must! Dorothea cried softly in the shelter of Phillip's arms and knew a ghastly fear of the future.

"During the voyage she was scarcely conscious of the rough sea, of the ship's motion or of its other passengers.

"All through the long days she was tortured by anxiety for her father. She forgot his abruptness, forgot that he was self-willed and overpositive in his opinions. Now she remembered only his kindness, his jolly good-humor, his tolerance and understanding of her childish escapades. In her misery she imagined that he might die before she arrived.

"At last the ship crept into the land-locked bay and San Francisco manteled in fog stretched before her. On the dock Elder Williamson and a sun-tanned Margaret met her. After disengaging herself from Margaret's arms to acknowledge the introduction Dorothea asked in a tense voice, 'How is father?'

"Perhaps the young Elder guessed something of the fear that lurked in her heart. Taking her hand in his strong clasp he answered, 'He's doing fine, and is very anxious to see you.'

"A few minutes later the three of them reached a comfortable adobe house that belonged to 'Pap' and 'Auntie' Jonston, friends of Elder Williamson. They had insisted that Mr. Dale be moved to a room in their home when he left the crude hospital.

"In a large, comfortably furnished room Dorothea found her parents.

"'Oh father,' she sobbed, kneeling by his bed, 'It seems so long since I saw you.'

"'We have missed you, too, my child, very, very much.'

"'Are you really getting better?' Dorothea stroked the thin hair which was so much greyer now.

"'Sure I'm better. Why by next month I'm going back to Utah to start the spring plowing. We have a dandy farm. You'll have to come back with us and see it.'

"That night, in one of Auntie Jonston's big four posters, Mrs. Dale said, 'What hurts the most is your father's cheerfulness, he is so positive that he is going back to Utah.'

"'What do the doctors say?' questioned Dorothea.

"'They say,' came the muffled

answer, 'that he will never go back. He is absolutely paralyzed and cannot live much longer.' "

GRANDMOTHER MORGAN paused again, this time she took the battered Beth from Gracie's arms and adjusted the new legs, then slowly continued.

"But it seems that only God who gave life, takes it. They were all wrong. Father Dale did go back to Utah. To be sure he went flat on his back, but go he did, and Dorothea went with him. Not, however, before she wrote Phillip and explained as best she could her father's flat refusal to return to England and her family's need of help.

" 'It's just for this spring and summer,' she assured him, 'next fall I'll come back and we will be married. By then Father will surely either decide to return to England too or at least be improved in health.'

"On the trip back Dorothea learned much concerning the new land. She was surprised to know how the Latter-day Saints emphasized education. She laughed at Elder Williamson's description of the 'tent' where Mary Jane Dilworth had taught the twenty-third Psalm on that first day of school. The lively banter of Elder Williamson made the weary days seem short.

WITH all they told her, Dorothea was unprepared for Salt Lake with its pearl-grey Temple from whose majestic spire the golden statue of the Angel Moroni stood, forever a symbol of the gospel he taught.

" 'It seems unreal, it is so monumental in this vast, lonely valley,' Dorothea said.

" 'It is an example of what faith and determination can build,' Elder Williamson answered.

" 'I suppose this Temple means a great deal to the people of your church?'

" 'It is the house of God,' was the reverent naswer. 'Someday when you know more of our religion I shall tell you of its significance.'

THEN suddenly they were home. Home in the little town with its broad streets and many gardens where trees and flowers, transplanted from the canyons, now grew. Home among a kindly far-sighted people who knelt upon their hearthstones and asked God's blessings for their afflicted brother and looked after his immediate needs themselves.

"Voluntary labor added a new room to the house for Dorothea and a porch along the south end, where on warm days Father Dale could enjoy the sunshine. The garden was planted and the spring plowing done.

"Father Dale grew more firm in his belief that he would walk again. 'All things are possible to those who have faith in God,' he often said.

"Dorothea was never to forget the kindness of these people or the love and responsibility which they shared for each other. Nor was she ever to forget the evening she first stood by Elder Williamson, on the shore of the Great Salt Lake.

"Under the evening sky, the lake's blue surface stretched fifty miles away to lap at the feet of the mountains, purple shadowed and crimson topped in the sunset. The heavy silence of the desert hung over them, broken only by the lonely wail of the seagulls as they wheeled above the vast dead sea.

"Her companion spread his homespun coat upon the ground and they sat gazing in silence across the rippled mirror, mystic and unreal in the evening mist.

"Dorothea leaned back against his shoulder, hardly conscious of his arm

about her waist, until his voice broke her reverie.

" 'Dorothea, I love you.'

"Dorothea turned a startled gaze to the bronzed, earnest face of the man beside her. 'Why, Charles, you can't!'

" 'But I do!'

" 'Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize you were beginning to care for me that way. I should have told you sooner—'

" 'You mean that you really love this young lawyer in England?'

" 'Why, I guess so—of course I do. I'm going to marry him!'

" 'Well, that settles it. Lucky man, this Phillip.'

" 'Charles, I am truly sorry. I shouldn't have seen you so often or been with you so much.' Dorothea said miserably.

" 'Let's be sensible about it. You love another man. I promise never again to speak to you of—of how I feel about you unless you ask me to. In the meantime our friendship is something too valubale to lose.'

" 'Let's go on as though this had never happened until I go back to England,' she answered bravely, not quite knowing why it was so hard to keep back the tears.

IN the days that followed Dorothea marveled more and more at the faith and trust these people placed in God. 'They seem so positive that their prayers will be answered,' she wrote to Phillip, 'It is a strange religion, the people who believe it are so conscious of it. They seem actually to live it every moment. Whether they plant a seed or christen a new baby, they always believe that God has a hand in it.'

" 'All this talk of religion makes me disgusted,' was Phillips answer, three months later. 'Now if your father would only come back here, no doubt some of our doctors could do something for him, but no! Because of that wild, all-demanding religion he is blinded to reason or wisdom. Somehow from your letters I feel as though that religion was a monster which would even try to take you away from me. Don't let it, Dorothea. Come back now, the hawthorns are in bloom again, the little house on Elm street which I bought for you is empty and silent.

" 'How can you stay out there, groveling in the dirt on a bare farm, living in a mud-chinked hut by a dead lake with a bunch of religious fanatics? Don't wait until fall, come back now. I love you and want you.'

" 'How completely he misunderstands us all,' Dorothea thought. Through the open south door she could see Elder Williamson working in the garden plot. He straightened up and called to her, 'Come out and supervise the weeding.'

"As Dorothea came out with the letter still in her hand, her father asked, 'What news from England this time?'

" 'Phillip asks about your health and urges me to hurry back to England,' she told him.

"From his couch on the porch Father Dale looked sharply at her, 'Still going back to England, are you? I was beginning to hope that you liked this place well enough to stay.'

" 'Trying to transplant me, too, were you?' Dorothea laughed and then continued more seriously. 'I do like it here, very much. But there aren't many comforts or conveniences compared with England. And you people are so very dependent upon the land. A crop failure would mean famine!'

" 'You forget that God is always ready to help us. Someday you, too, will learn to depend on him,' her father predicted.

" 'Perhaps. But in the meantime I am inclined to be very materialistic. Then, too, I have promised

to marry Phillip and I value the things he can give me.'

"Elder Williamson quickly changed the subject back to gardening. And in the busy summer days that followed no questions were asked concerning Dorothea's plans for returning to England. While day after day she postponed writing to Phillip.

THEN one golden summer morning, an astonishing bit of news traveled through the town. Neighbors called to each other from their work in the fields. Women scurried back and forth, and children stopped a moment in their tasks or at their play. Only two people seemed not at all surprised. Elder Williamson said reverently, 'God has answered our prayers.'

" 'Father Dale, walking uncertainly on his clumsy legs answered, 'Yes, God is very good to us!'

"Many friends and neighbors came to his home that day, and Richard Dale explained again and again how he had awakened in the morning with the thought, 'I can walk.' His wife had been alarmed at this assertion, but a few hours later he had taken his first steps and later in the day walked to the window and back.

"When night came, gathered at their fire-side, the Mother turned to Dorothea and said in an awed voice. 'I am ashamed now, for having resented leaving England. For the little that I gave up I have gained more than I am capable of understanding.'

" 'And God must love us, or he wouldn't have healed father,' added a sleepy Margaret.

"Long after the family had retired Dorothea sat trying to finish a letter to Phillip. The good news would mean much to him, she realized, for now, there was no reason for postponing her return to England.

"She was interrupted by a step on the porch and then a soft knock. In answer to her, 'Come in,' Elder Williamson opened the door.

"Seeing her he apologized, 'Oh, I am sorry, I saw the light so late and wondered if your father's exertions had been too much for him.'

" 'No, Father's fine. I was just writing a letter but the words seem rather illusive.'

" 'Perhaps a walk would help straighten out your thoughts—but perhaps we shouldn't. I forgot for the moment how late it is.'

" 'I think we should. In fact I believe it's just what I need,' Dorothea replied.

"A few minutes later they walked slowly down the shadowed streets where trees traced their lacy patterns and water rippled down irrigation ditches, catching the amber and gold reflections of a new moon. Somehow the beauty of the night, the heavy stillness of the sleeping town and the tall man beside her were hopelessly mixed with her thoughts of England.

"At last they turned into the temple block and stood before the shadowed edifice, ethereal in the moonlight.

" 'You said once that you were going to tell me more about this Temple—you might tell me now,' Dorothea said.

" 'It is time you heard it all—now that you plan to leave us.' He paused and then continued, his slow certain voice pieced together all the fragments of Church History which she had heard. He told her the vivid story of Joseph Smith's vision and the first Temple at Nauvoo. Of the far-sighted leadership of Brigham Young and the self-sacrificing people whom he led. His people, noble

and courageous in their devotion to God.

"As he talked she found herself believing. Suddenly she knew that never again could she question God in her heart. He had made her father walk again, his spirit was hovering over this silent desert town and was here in the voice of the man beside her.

" 'You have seen my religion as a monster that took everything and gave nothing,' he continued, 'but you are wrong, your eyes have been blinded because you do not understand. God asks little of us, just that we be reverent, and live together in righteousness and peace, and he gives us so very, very much. He gives us the promise of life eternal. Yet you will throw it all away because somewhere in England there is a man who can give you comfort and the security which money buys. He cannot give you more, in his blindness he accepts death as the end and through his prejudice he will never enter one of God's temples, to be sealed to you. He offers you a love than can span the short space of a human life and ignores a religion through which he could have given you the great gift, 'Eternal Love'.'

"Suddenly Dorothea's thoughts were no longer tangled. Suddenly she knew the ending for the half-finished letter. She knew why she had delayed writing for so long and in her heart there was a great peace and happiness of which she could scarcely speak.

" 'Would you care to offer me that great gift again?' she asked shyly.

" 'I would!' Holding her close he added, "And I promise to love you through all eternity.' "

AND did she marry him?" questioned the impatient Grace.

"Yes," said her Grandmother. "And they were very happy. Dorothea never regretted her choice. He only lived until he was forty-two and through all the lonely years that followed she knew that he was waiting for her in another world."

"That's a pretty good story," said John loyally as he returned to his book, "Buffalo Bill."

Virginia stood up slowly, "Of course you were Dorothea. Mother told me something of the story and I knew Grandpa died early." She dropped the tiny watch into her Grandmother's lap and asked, "Will you wrap it up for me?"

Her Grandmother looked up quickly. "I too, shall take the great gift," she explained.

FRUITION

By Josephine Spencer

Oft God, along the broken road,
Leads souls with rods of sharpest steel;
But hides his manna in life's load,
And spreads cool springs to cool, and heal.

She Was a Mother

By Theodore Martineau

THE dreaded outlaw Pancho Villa was coming, and coming soon from his mountain stronghold to attack Cruces and consternation reigned in that doomed village. Only too well her pepole knew what to expect when that ruthless horde of bandits swooped down on a village hot with the lust for its fiery liquors, its precious loot and its lovely maidens.

Knowing their inability to defend their homes the citizens hastily loaded their most precious belongings into wagons and ox carts, or packed them on the backs of their slow-moving but dependable burros, and headed for their stronghold a few miles distant in the gorges of the Sierras.

Many times during the Revolutions of past years they had made this same move so that now even the beasts of burden seemed instinctively to sense their destination. Hurriedly, yet in good order, they made their way to safety leaving a small company of expert riflemen to observe and harass their enemies should they show any disposition to pursue the fugitives.

AS was usually the case, Villa's attack on the village was made just before the dawn of day and great was the surprise of the marauders when they dashed up the silent streets clear to the Plaza without sighting a single person or receiving any reply to the volleys of bullets fired through the windows and doors of the houses as they passed.

Villa and his men were furious as they began to realize the fact that their prey had flown, leaving behind them it was true, a much appreciated supply of corn, chile and frijoles but none of the really precious supply of arms, ammunition or pesos they had hoped to secure as a reward for their efforts. Hard, indeed, would be the lot of the traitor who had betrayed the plans of his chief, could they but lay hands upon him.

And catch him they did that very day for the promise of a reward proved too much for the loyalty of a supposed friend and that night Julian Medina lay in fetters with the sentence of death upon him, to be carried out at daybreak.

Knowing as he did the implacable hatred his chief had for those who betrayed his trust, the prisoner had no hope of any leniency, as the shadow of his impending doom shut out the sunlight of hope.

But how could he have done otherwise than he did—he in whose veins ran the blood of old Castile, mingled with the no less proud strain of the Aztec Emperors.

For not only was his grayhaired mamacita living there, but also it was the home of the maiden whom he some day hoped to make his bride.

And what allegiance could he owe to that ruthless Chief who had forced him against his will into the ranks of his marauders, and who would not fail to inflict upon him death for desertion should he be caught out of the ranks without leave of absence. Surely now his doom was sealed but death would be sweetened by the knowledge that his own life was but paying the price of safety for his loved ones.

And so the hours dragged their weary way along and the last dawn his eyes would ever see was not far away. His dismal meditations were interrupted by the opening of the door and in came his old friend and confessor Padre Leon who had now come to prepare him to leave this world; the same good friend who had christened him and had always been his staunch amigo.

Scarcely had the door closed, however, when the amazed Julian found himself in the arms and his face covered with kisses by the supposed Priest whose hood falling back disclosed the tear-stained face of his own little mamacita, who had thus, with the connivance of Padre Leon braved death in the hope of saving her son. They would change clothes and he would go out to liberty as a Priest, while she would remain as the prisoner to meet whatever fate might await her. Against this plan Julian set his face with fierce determination, but what chance had his will against that of a mother who was determined that, come what might to her, Julian must be set free. To make the necessary change of apparel was but the work of a moment and soon the supposed Padre had passed the sleepy guards who were still stupid from the effects of the liquor they had drunk the previous day.

As the good Padre was used to coming and going at will through the camp, but little attention was paid to him and soon the fugitive was beyond the reach of his enemies.

GREAT was the wrath of Don Pancho when he learned of his prisoner's escape and furious were his threats of vengeance upon the traitor who had given him his liberty. But when the culprit was ushered into his presence and he discovered who it was that had tricked him, his thrist for vengeance underwent a change.

To his question as to why she had dared to thwart his plans, the little mother reminded him that he, himself had once had a mother who would willingly have dared as much for him, and after all it was not the part of a great man to make war upon women.

Whether it was the memories of a long forgotten childhood, that softened his heart or just some lingering strain of chivalry towards womankind that wrought the change matters not.

Senora Medina was furnished with a horse and an escort to return to her people who hailed her as one risen from the dead.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

III

HELEN stood before the mirror and brushed her hair. It was her hair, she knew, that had reminded Uncle Billy of her father. Her oval face, her fair skin, blue eyes and slightly tilted nose, were her heritage from the Aldrich line. But her hair, thick, reddish-brown and wavy, her large mouth, and determined, pointed chin—these and her restless impulses to be moving, doing, she knew were characteristics from her father.

She was impatient to have another conversation with the old scout. Perhaps she would see him at breakfast.

She walked past the row of cabins toward the dining room of the hotel, trying to think what gave her that sense of anticipation. When she saw a man galloping down the flat she remembered. Steve Heyden had promised to take her to see the canyon.

Uncle Billy wasn't in the dining room.

"Has Mr. Crossly been to breakfast yet?" she asked the waitress who came for her order. The girl was puzzled.

"You don't mean Uncle Billy, do you? He doesn't stay here at the hotel. He has a cabin down by the spring. But I saw him outside a little while ago talking with Steve Heyden. Shall I see if he is still there?"

"No, thanks. I'll look him up when I am through."

She found him sitting on a log with Mr. Hawley, whittling industriously.

"You soon got tired of our country dance last night," Hawley said looking at her with the same intimate expression that had repelled her at the time of their introduction. "I thought you were coming back to dance with me after you'd gone the hand-shaking round with Russell. Wood bores me with his get-acquainted-with-our-big-happy-family stuff."

"I didn't find it boring. I was interested and wanted to meet them all," Helen told him.

"Most folks like other folks," observed Uncle Billy, "and this is a great place to find all kinds."

"Why didn't you stay last night and meet Dr. Grosbeck?" Hawley asked. "I heard him enquiring of Russell about you. I believe he said you were friends." He was plainly curious.

What might Fred have told them? At least he couldn't have revealed the facts about her trouble with George, for he did not know them.

"I was coming back to answer some of your questions after I'd found out how bad young Rockwood was hurt," Uncle Billy told her.

"How is he?" Helen was eager to change the conversation.

Nothing serious. It hurt his plane more'n it did him, and he seems to feel worse about that than if he'd smashed hisself up. You'll have to take a ride with the boy before you go home. They's nothing like seein' the canyon from the bird's point of view."

Hawley was called inside to the telephone.

"Won't you tell me some more about the old West?" Helen asked. "Something you said about the man

you called Huntsman made me want to hear his story."

Uncle Billy went on whittling. "It's a sad story and it comes close to me. Sam and me was pals and I was interested in his future. When it was cut off the way it was, well, naturally I don't like to think about it. There was rumors about his death, too, that ain't pleasant. Of course I didn't take no stock in 'em, but since they affected another friend, naturally I try not to think about it."

What could he mean? Wasn't her father's death accidental as it had been reported to her and Aunt Nettie?

"I sometimes think," Uncle Billy continued, "that wantin' not to think about it, makes it stick all the tighter in my mind. Now maybe if I'd tell you, a stranger, Sam's story, I could quit thinkin' about parts of it that bother me." He whittled for a moment in silence.

"I recollect the first time I ever saw Sam. It was at the Bar V ranch just before the round-up the year my dad brought me to ask old Vaughn for a job. At that time the Bar V was right here in Pleasant Valley. The old chuck shack and bunk houses stood down by the springs where I have my cabin now, and the corrals was over there where them rodeo corrals is now. I'd been on the mountain with dad off and on as long as I could remember, and had rode some in regular round-ups; but not as a paid hand. I was such a little runt that everybody took me for a kid long after I'd growed as big as God meant me to. When dad asked Vaughn to give me a job, he reached out and tweaked my ear and said he'd just took on two youngsters from Texas that mornin' that filled up his quota. 'I guess we can take Billy on though, for a mascot,' he said.

"A round-up was a real adventure in them days, and to be on Vaughn's pay roll made me feel ten inches taller."

"What is a round-up?" Helen asked.

"Once every year the cattle men round in their stock from all over the range, cut out what they want to sell, and brand and mark the calves, and cut out the cattle that belongs to other owners. Of course that's just a rough definition. Besides that it's long days of hard dangerous ridin' and testin' your nerve. It means gettin' acquainted with the fellers you work with, learnin' which of 'em has guts and which is yaller. It means learnin' to understand and love your horses and dogs. And part of it's sittin' around the campfire at night after your full of grub, laughin' over things that made your hair stand up when they happened, and guyin' each other, and tryin' to make your yarn sound bigger than the other feller's; and singin' songs —lots of times makin' 'em up as you go along. Then stretchin' out on your blankets and lookin' up at the stars and listenin' to the howls of the coyotes out in the timber, and to the nearer sounds of your hobbled horses, and the close-up whisperin' of the pines—till you float off to sleep."

The old man's face took on a kind of glow.

"Why, you're a poet!" Helen cried.

He chuckled. "I'd have to be to make you understand what a round-up used to mean in the old days. But as I was sayin', it was that mornin' I got my first job that I met Sam Huntsman. Him and the other Texas cowboy was in the chuck house when dad and me went

in for breakfast. I liked his red hair and his big friendly smile and the way he took to me right off. I knowed he thought I was a lot younger'n him, for he started treatin' me like a kid brother, when as a matter of fact, I was three or four years older'n him. But I was used to that. The other cow-puncher was Tough Heyden, Steve's dad. Well, it wasn't no time till the whole Bar V outfit had to acknowledge them Texas hombres as aces when it come to range-ridin'. There was a little jealousy at first, but one thing about cow-punchin' is it develops fair shootin', and soon all the old hands, even to the old buckaroos like my dad, was takin' their hats off to them two kids, and not thinkin' it was anything but a square deal when old Vaughn made 'em foremen, and give 'em a chance to work into the cattle game fer theirselves.

"They was like David and Jonathan, them two. After they'd been workin' for Vaughn about five years they each had a nice little bunch of cattle comin' for pay. Then they started a outfit of their own, callin' it the Double H Cattle Company."

The story was beginning to give significance to words and phrases Helen had held vaguely in her memory since childhood.

"It was a little before this time," Uncle Billy continued, "that Sally Vaughn come into the story. She was a niece of old Vaughn's—as purty a little fixin' as anybody ever saw. As she changed from a little girl to a young lady, different ones of the boys tried to shine up to her. I even had my turn when I couldn't sleep for thinking about her black curls and soft little hands. But after Sam and Tough come, Sally didn't have eyes for none of us.

"At first they didn't either of 'em pay much attention to her, only to tease her. But just a little while 'fore they pulled out for theirselves, Sam used to stick around the chuck house after supper and play the banjo and him and Sally'd sing together. I don't think he was ever serious about her, but Sally sure fell for him. And about the same time, Tough fell for her. It was a crazy triangle, and the rest of us used to watch and wonder how it was goin' to turn out.

"It finally got to worryin' old Vaughn. We all thought it was to ease things up that made him think of offerin' the boys the House Rock range. He was sure that someone was goin' to git hurt and he wanted to make it easier if he could.

"Well, after they started their own outfit, Sam and Tough was so busy they didn't git over to Bar V very often. But that didn't keep Sally from goin' to their camp. She'd ride over and have supper ready for 'em when they'd come in from work. Nearly always both boys would ride back with her. It was easy to guess how that would happen. Tough would offer to bring her and she'd insist on Sam comin' too.

"For nearly two summers things went like that. Then Sam went east to take the Double H steers back to the contractors in Chicago."

Helen knew what was coming now. She wondered how different Uncle Billy's version would be from the one she knew.

"We was all knocked off the Christmas tree when Sam didn't come back. It was Vaughn hisself who told us what happened.

"When they was in Chicago, the buyer who had been out here to contract the cattle, invited all the boys to his home one night to a party, and if Sam didn't fall for a friend of the buyer's daughter who was one of the guests, and well—we couldn't a believed it if Vaughn hadn't seen it all

—Sam married the girl the very next week and stayed on there in Chicago.

"We hadn't realized before how much Sally cared. She tried not to show it, but it was just as plain as the nose on your face what was eatin' her. Tough tried his best to make her forgit, and about Christmas time they was married."

"Then Sally was this Steve Heyden's mother?" Helen asked.

"Yes. She didn't come out to the mountain the next summer because she was expectin' Steve. We kinda guessed that she wasn't happy. When we'd run onto her in town, we couldn't help feelin' that she was still thinkin' about Sam. It was purty certain that Tough knew it too. He wasn't his old self. When we'd ask about Sam he'd always say that he was fine and they was still pardners and that sometime Sam was comin' back. Sam had got a job in a packin' house back there. But you'd never a thought they'd been pals workin' and sleepin' and eatin' together most of their lives."

Uncle Billy whittled again in silence. It was hard for Helen to realize that she was listening to her own father's story. He had always seemed like a dream. Though her mother had died the day of Helen's birth, (she used to wonder if they had passed each other somewhere up in the clouds), Aunt Nettie had told her so many things about her, that she felt she had known her mother. With her father, there had been only his brief visits during the first ten years of her life; then his return west; and—that short letter about his death. She had wondered so many things about him.

"We heard about two years after Sam had left that his wife had died, and we thought he'd come back, but he didn't. Tough and Sally had their troubles too. The baby was sickly the first few years. Things wasn't so good in the cattle business about that time either. Sally kept needin' money for doctor bills.

"It was about ten years before Sam come back, and about as soon as he got here we heard that him and Tough was goin' to break up.

"Sam had decided to sell his share of the ranch and move his part of of the cattle down to Texas. We all felt it had somethin' to do with Sally. Him and Tough just couldn't git back on their old footin' again. They acted friendly enough on the outside. But there was something layin' there between 'em like a black shadow. It was tough on all three of 'em.

"Well, they got the cattle divided and Sam started his share out with two cow hands. He was goin' to finish up his business with Tough and overtake the cattle in a day or two. The next day him and Tough started over to Ryan to finish the deal. Sally and little Steve who was ten or eleven years old then, had come out the night before. I'll never forget how queer the atmosphere about the whole ranch was after Sally came. You couldn't help feelin' that something was goin' to happen."

HELLO there. Are you ready for Point Sublime, or has Uncle Billy got you hypnotized with one of his yarns?" Helen had been so engrossed in Crossley's story that she hadn't seen Steve approaching, riding one horse and leading another.

With difficulty she pulled herself from the web of the past. She was impatient to hear the rest of Uncle Billy's story, but she was glad Steve had not forgotten.

"You'll tell me the rest soon, won't you?" she begged, but she knew Crossly was relieved at the interruption.

"Excuse me a moment while I get ready, Mr. Heyden."

She hurried to her cabin. How strange that her life should now be touching the lives of her father's old friend and the son of his pal. What was that unpleasant rumor about his death? It all seemed far away and unreal.

When she returned Steve looked up approvingly. "Your color scheme matches Maje's," he laughed, taking in the details of her yellow-brown riding habit and the orange band about her hair. He helped her into the saddle and adjusted the stirrups. A waitress came from the hotel with a box. "I asked Wood to have us a lunch fixed up," he explained, putting the box into a saddle bag and springing upon his horse. Helen waved goodbye to Uncle Billy who still leaned against the tree whittling.

"Are we the only ones going?" she asked. "I thought perhaps you took groups of tourists."

He looked at her, a slow flush creeping up to his cheeks. So she'd thought he was a paid guide. He grinned.

"Sometimes I take a bunch, but today you seem to be my only customer. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no. You said last night that you were going to present me to the Grand Canyon. I imagine he'll receive me more graciously if I'm his only votary."

As they rode around the hotel toward the highway, a girl on a brown pony came galloping up from the flat. Helen recognized Bernice Hawley and spoke to her. She recalled Miss Fitzgerald's statement that Bernice was infatuated with young Heyden.

"Where have you been so early?" Steve asked the girl.

"Over to the airplane. I went to see how badly Pete Rockwood was hurt and if his plane was smashed up."

"How is he?"

"He only has a little gash in his head and the plane has a few broken ribs. I thought from all the fuss last night it was a smash-up."

"You're not disappointed, are you?" Steve laughed.

"Well, I'd like *something* to happen. There's nothing to do around here."

Steve turned his horse back into the road.

"Why didn't you ask her to come with us?" asked Helen.

"She's a pest," he answered and pretended not to hear Bernice calling, "Are you going to Point Sublime?"

Helen wondered what the girl would think of her.

(*To be continued*)

GRATITUDE

By Claire S. Boyer

I'm glad for the burden and pain of the night
Glad for the weight and wear,
Knowing the climax will bring me Peace,
Knowing the dawn is there.

I pity the calm and easy folk
Whose voyages are serene
Who never can know from the fate of woe
How much a dawn can mean.

Understanding Our Children

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

TOM came rushing home from his grocery store one afternoon with his face swollen almost beyond recognition. His eyes were practically shut, his tongue an inch thick, and his hands and wrists a mass of huge welts. Dr. A. was called immediately, and pronounced it a case of severe hives.

"What could have caused it so suddenly, Doctor?" asked Tom's wife. "He went back to work perfectly well and in fifteen minutes he was home here like this."

"Tell me exactly what you did after you returned to the store," suggested the doctor.

Tom's swollen tongue, mouth and throat made talking very difficult, but he tried to explain. "I picked up a few bunches of turnips and carried them to the vegetable stand. My wrists began to itch and I rubbed them. Then I got a quarter's worth of flour for a customer. I began to sneeze while I was sacking the flour, (flour always makes me sneeze) then I felt my eyes begin to smart. I rubbed them and the first thing I knew I had begun to swell all up like this."

"This is what we call a case of *Allergy,*" said the doctor. "In other words, Tom, you are highly sensitive to certain substances. It wasn't the fault of the flour or turnips that this happened. It is the fault of your own body which cannot tolerate certain foods and substances. The best thing for you to do is to go to Dr. B. He is a specialist in Allergy. We doctors cannot possibly do everything, so while I understand allergy, I am not equipped to make the necessary tests to determine exactly which things you are sensitive to. Dr. B. has all the equipment, and he thoroughly understands all that is known at the present time about allergy."

"But, Doctor, we have never heard of this thing called allergy before. Is it something very new?" asked Mrs. Tom.

"The evidences of allergy are not new, but the study of it is. You have heard all your life about eczema, urticaria, hives, hay fever, asthma, migraine headache, continuous colds, sinusitis, sudden swellings in certain parts of the body, and severe stomach aches which are usually attended with formation of flatulence or gas. These have all come to be known as evidences of allergy. They are all usually caused by some food which the body cannot handle, or by some external substance which affects the sensitive individual.

"In other words, Tom, you are evidently extremely sensitive to certain substances. You are what we call allergic. The things which cause your distress we call allergens, and your distress we term allergy."

"Well, all I can say is that it is very distressing," said Tom. "Will this swelling last long and is this condition dangerous?"

"Hives, or urticaria, is usually not dangerous or very serious, but a severe attack or a prolonged recurrence of them is extremely annoying and nerve-racking. The condition becomes dangerous when the giant type of hives develops in the throat, for it may cause suffocation. You are beginning to respond to the simple treatment I have given you, and

you may be completely recovered inside of a few hours. There is one point on which I wish to warn you. This thing called allergy has nothing to do with all these so called food combination faddists. Don't let anyone try to tell you that it is the combination of foods which you are eating which is causing your trouble. Go to Dr. B. who is a specialist in allergy and let him determine by positive tests with each food and other substances exactly what your own body can and cannot handle. Then and only then will you be free from a repetition of the hives."

Tom followed the advice of Dr. A. He went to Dr. B. who made the simple skin tests which proved that he was highly sensitive to many of the foods which he ate and handled in his store. Dr. B.'s advice to him was to leave these foods entirely alone. He has followed directions and has never had a recurrence of the hives.

DOUBTLESS you are wondering what this has to do with understanding your children. There are few mothers who do not encounter allergy in one form or another during the lifetime of their children. If more mothers understood and realized that eczema, hives, rashes of different sorts, repeated billious spells, sick headaches, hay fever, sinus, continuous colds and a few other conditions are very frequently the result of some one food or foods which the child cannot handle, there would be far less suffering and worry.

Many mothers spend countless dollars and many hours of worry when simple tests by a specialist in allergy could determine the cause of the distress, and the elimination of the offending foods might easily and quickly correct the condition.

One little fellow of three persistently vomited after almost every meal. It was found that he could not tolerate butter. This was purely an allergic condition which brought on severe vomiting. When the butter was eliminated from his diet, the child retained his food.

Another child on record frequently had spells of unconsciousness. He had never been strong, and had eczema. A competent physician was consulted and it was found, after exhaustive tests, that he was sensitive to ten or twelve foods. He could not handle egg, cow's milk, wheat, several fruits and five or six vegetables. His diet became a very limited affair, but cleared up his serious condition.

A peculiar thing about this particular case was that the next child in this family also was highly allergic and was unable to eat practically the same foods as her brother. Friends and relatives blamed the mother in various ways. It was a strange thing, they said, that two children in the same family could not handle cow's milk and had to be fed on goat's milk. But the anxious mother turned a deaf ear to all criticism and persisted in following the advice of her specialist. As a result, her children gradually built up a resistance to the offending foods until they were able to eat almost anything. It was a terrific struggle for the mother but she came out victorious.

THIS illustrates the point that allergy tends to run in families. The allergy itself is not hereditary, but certainly the tendency toward being allergic is inherited. In the thousands of cases which have been brought to the testing laboratories in the past ten years, it has been conclusively found that where one parent is allergic about sixty percent of the children of that union will show some evidence of allergy. On the

other hand, where both parents are allergic, it has been found that more than eighty percent of the offspring will be allergic sufferers. This gives ample reason for the statement made by workers in this field that two allergic individuals should not marry.

The strange thing about allergy is that where one parent may suffer with migraine headache and the other with hay-fever or any other allergic evidence, the children may be afflicted with still another form of allergy such as eczema. The inheritance simply seems to be a matter of the inability of the individual body to handle certain foods. The discomfort or distress brought about by this sensitivity to certain substances may be evidenced in any of the allergic conditions.

We are fortunate to live in a period of history when research along this line is making life more comfortable both for children and their troubled parents. It is seldom necessary, today, for children to continue to suffer with eczema, hives, persistent colds, billious headaches, hay-fever, asthma, or skin eruptions as they have done in ages not so far past.

No Country is Settled Until the Women and Children Come

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

"IF the west coast had been discovered first, the east coast of the United States would never have been settled," remarked a California real estate man.

As a matter of fact the west coast was visited first. Eighty years before the Mayflower docked at Plymouth Rock, Cabrillo sailed into the Harbor of the Sun and found what the Indians called "The land of bright colors."

He was sent by Cortez who in 1519 with sixteen horses, a dozen pieces of artillery and the aid of an Indian woman, had conquered the Aztec empire. He set up a Spanish printing press in Mexico city nearly a century before English gentlefolk first located in Virginia.

But it wasn't until Gaston de Portola, discoverer of the Golden Gate, first came to San Francisco, that California was really settled. He was the first far west explorer to bring women and children with him.

And no country is really settled until the women come!

MY NEIGHBOR

By Agnes Just Reid

Across the fields, lives my neighbor,
I seldom see her but I rejoice that she is there.
Out toward the sunrise, I see the smoke from her chimney
And she sees mine silhouetted against the evening sky.
I know when the apple trees bloom in her orchard;
I know when the grain in the lowlands is ready for the reaper;
She too knows these same things about me.
I know that when trouble comes to me, she will be the first to share it.
She is my strength! She points the way to God!
She is my neighbor.

Nauvoo Exodus

By Bernice Phillips Gibbs

PROLOGUE

A people driven forth,
A prophet slain,
No refuge but bare earth,
Mid sleet and rain;
Numbed, shivering and wet,
They gather here—
No refuge but the earth,
No other bier.

Ah, homes were happy and bright
and warm,
Where mothers sang lullabys sweet,
And children played happily, fearing
no harm
Or rushed forth their playmates to
greet.
Nauvoo, the beautiful, peaceful and
calm,
A refuge built here by a stream,
Where all might worship their God
as they please,
And all might share in the dream
Of a perfect life, a brotherhood of
Man,
A faith that points the way as naught
else can.

But hark! a muttering seems to chill
the air,
Like storms that passed before in
recent days;
A premonition casting shadows
there,
The hand of stark fear o'er their
hearts it lays.
But faith shines like a star in human
hearts,
How ever dark the clouds we know
'tis there,
Waiting to shine again when mists
will part,
To greet the warming sun so bright
and fair.

How ever loud the thunder, dense
the rain,
The star of faith still brings forth
hope again.

Once more all seems to be serene.
"Ah, we have worked so hard to
build
This place, dear Lord; to plant and
keep it green,
And industry has kept our days all
filled
With love and faith and praise to
Thee.
Suffer us yet to stay a little while,
Safe from our enemies; must we not
flee
To other distant climes? Lord let
not anger rile
Against Thy people. Let us here
find peace,
And cause the anger of our enemies
to cease."

But storm clouds gather, dark and
dim,
And anger of their enemies pours
forth.
Their only fault their faith, their
only sin,
Their loyalty to leaders of that faith.
None dare defend the Mormons
now!
"Go, cast them from our midst!"
they cry,
"Such evil faith far from us we must
throw.
These Mormons must go hence! Joe
Smith must die!"
They clasped their loved ones close
and shook with fear,
While angry mobs collected far and
near.
To save his people Joseph gave his
life

Into their hands. Straight way to Carthage jail
They took him, and mid insults rife
His calmness could not shake nor courage quail.
Mob spirit ruled supreme and conquering
All mercy, led his vengeful murderers
To spill his blood and Hyrum's, o'er the floor,
From which it ne'er can be erased, eternal stain!
He freely gave his life, unselfishly;
His noble act will live eternally!

"Arise and flee! There is no mercy here!
The fiends of Hell have loosed their bloody strife,
Up and away! It matters not to where.
Not satisfied with our dear Prophet's life
They wreak their vengeance on the helpless,
No pity for the weak—death to the strong
Who dare defend their homes. The fearless
Are traitors, and to outcasts must belong!"
And sadly leaving their fair homes forever,
They haste to cross the Mississippi river.
Some few have wagons and in these
A few of their possessions have been cast
While others carry bundles on their backs
And shield their children from the wintry blast.
A hasty camp is made some miles away
At Sugar creek, and mid the sleet and rain,
Before the breaking of another day
Nine little ones are born in fear and pain.
But God is ever watching o'er his sheep
And every one of these He safe will keep!

And thus amid the winter's cold and snow
Began the long trek to the savage west.
The sturdy men already hardships know,
But delicate women, babies at their breast,
Must face this frontier country ill prepared,
Must weep into each new-made grave,
And turn their faces from the clods that cover
The golden curls, the still, pale hands—and leave,
Driven by human fiends into the wilderness,
What more to fear from savages than this?

LENVOI

I thank Thee, God, I came from such as these!
Fruits of their vision borne on every breeze,
Their courage and their faith my heritage.
Their eyes were greeted by but dust and sage,
But, this the place, supreme in faith they chose
To make the desert blossom as the rose.
Honored throughout the ages be their name—
I thank Thee, God, from such as these I came!

The Contributions of Women and Women's Organizations to the Priesthood Quorums

By Janet M. Thompson

SEVERAL years ago a certain author in writing of the life of a Pioneer woman, prefaced her book with this sentiment—"Because the road was steep and long and through a dark and dreary land, God placed upon her lips a song and put a lantern in her hand." We could well apply this same thought to our early Latter-day Saint women —for their songs of faith, courage, loyalty and perseverance have echoed and re-echoed through the years. Their lanterns which may have burned dimly at first have become brighter and brighter until rays of wisdom, knowledge and encouragement have lighted the paths of many.

It has been said, there is nothing that will let light into the soul like personal influence and there is nothing that will build faith, hope, love and charity like the power of a good example. Then is it not true, the greatest contribution our women have made for the advancement of the Priesthood has come through their influence and their example?

The sculptor who designed the beautiful monument which now stands on the capitol grounds, visualizes for us the characteristic power and faith of our women. In his carving of the enlistment, who has the greater responsibility to face—the mother with one child at her feet and a babe in her arms—or the father about to leave with the Mormon Battalion? The mother's head is not bowed down, but she like the great stone face above her, is looking up, with clear eyes and courageous spirit —a pillar of strength to mankind.

In the building of communities, of social life, of the Priesthood in the home and in the church, are we not all of the opinion that women have been as conspicuous in the building as the men?

TODAY, we find our women just as concerned in the teaching of the fundamentals of the gospel as formerly. They realize that all of their work is predicated on the beginning of the church through the Priesthood and, that in their desire to magnify the office of the Priesthood, they can be a power for good in the home—an influence in spiritual development and an example in character building. Cooperation, faith, strength in leadership, unselfishness, devotion, encouragement, sympathy and understanding are all pre-requisites for successful character building. One writer tells us the best school of discipline is home—that family life is God's own method of training the young and that homes are very much what women make them. They reform others unconsciously when they walk uprightly.

In this rapidly changing world, it would seem, *a good example* is the best and greatest gift one can give to others. We can preach a better sermon with our lives than with our lips. Channing says, "Precept is instruction written on the sand, the tide flows over it and the record is gone—*example* is graven on the rock and the lesson is not soon lost."

ALL of our women's organizations are constructive forces in the

advancement of the Priesthood. They aim for greater spiritual uplift and broader vision in educational fields. Young boys and girls and women are taught the truths of the gospel—to honor and sustain the Priesthood, which is the power and authority by which our church is governed and maintained. True, is it not, the Priesthood could not carry on the auxiliary organizations without the help of the women?

It might interest you to know the comments three of our prominent church men made recently regarding the contribution women make towards the advancement of the Priesthood. An *apostle* said, "The influence of a young girl is far-reaching—I know the effect girls have upon boys. I hope they will always maintain dignity and will frown upon companions if they stoop to do or say something unbecoming the Priesthood."

A Stake President made this comment—"Women have a little better appreciation of the finer things of life—they are the custodians of the spiritual forces of the world—a man can't get anywhere if his wife won't help. It is the silent encouragement that counts."

One of our *Bishops* made this remark—"The most crying need right now is to follow the injunction of the scriptures—to have the women provoke their husbands to good work. I was blessed with a good wife and she always saw to it that I was diligent in my duties."

Just as long as our women have the abiding influence of the Priesthood to guide and direct them, their songs will not be hushed, neither will their lights be dimmed.

The Unprepared Teacher

By Merling D. Clyde

SCENE 1

(The curtain rises. A woman busily engaged. Telephone rings.)

Teacher. "Oh, can't you go, Sister Cummings? I'm so sorry. Yes, if there's no one to accompany me, I can go alone. I don't know much about the topic. I've looked it over a bit; but I'll just hurry around so we can report it visited. I do hope you will be better soon. What? Oh, thank you. Goodbye."

Music.

SCENE 2

(A home. A woman seated with her ankle bandaged and resting on a chair calls a cheery "Come in" to a knock at the door. Teacher enters, approaches and takes her hand. Exchange pleasantries.)

Mrs. K. "Oh, I was just hoping you would come this afternoon. One always looks for the Relief Society teachers. It is such a lovely topic this month, isn't it? Where is sister Cummings?"

T. "She was too ill to come."

Mrs. K. "I'm so sorry."

T. "Yes, isn't it too bad? You know, this is the first time she has missed teaching in twelve years. It was impossible for her to get out, and that hurt worse than being sick, I do believe. How is the hurt ankle?"

Mrs. K. "Oh, very much better, thank you; but I am unable to walk yet, and will have to miss meeting Tuesday. Still I am blessed, for I have my Magazine here and have been reading the lesson for next time. I've thought so much about this topic, too: Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Isn't it a comforting thought? You know,

each day some one comes to my door with a blessing."

T. (*looking a little abashed and scanning the magazine*) "I'm afraid I'm to receive a lesson; for I'll have to admit that I have not studied the topic, and I had company the day I should have gone to meeting to hear it given."

Mrs. K. "But I am sure you are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, dear sister, or you would not be taking time to visit your district this busy month."

T. "Perhaps it is from a sense of duty."

Mrs. K. "Not exactly. Duty does exact its portion; but love of the Gospel and thirst for satisfaction of the soul compel one to carry on. And I've failed yet to find one who has not been blessed by doing so."

T. "I've had that thought, too; but I get neglectful and let other things interfere."

Mrs. K. "We all do. And I've had time to realize, since I've had to sit still, how much we do let trifles interfere with our real purpose in life. I've found out a lot of things about myself. I have resolved to quit gossiping over the back fence and the telephone and I'll have more time for these beautiful lessons."

T. "Perhaps I should get a sprained ankle or something so I'll take time to study." (*both laugh*)

Mrs. K. "That would be awful to have to meet with some misfortune in order to learn our Gospel."

T. (*rises to leave*) "I've enjoyed visiting with you; but I really must be going."

Mrs. K. "Will you please hand me my purse. I have a bit of money to donate.

(She receives the purse, extracts some change, and hands to the teacher, who writes in her book.)

T. "Thank you, Sister King. I do hope the sprained ankle will be better soon. Goodbye."

Mrs. K. "Goodbye—come again soon." (*Exit. Curtain.*)

(Scene change. Same teacher walking along—may be in front of curtain—reading. Knocks at a door.)

"This is a new member of our Church. She always studies the lessons and is so curious about the methods of the Gospel. If she asks me about the other meetings I'll hardly know what to say. (*knocks again*) But I'm going to start going regularly. There is so much to learn that is beautiful and good. (*knocks, turns away*) I guess she isn't home." (*Reads as she walks along "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Raises eyes reverently, "Father I thank Thee for this privilege. Help me to be of service." Exit. Music. "Call Me" is a lovely number.*)

SCENE 3

(Same teacher knocks at an open door in plain view of a young woman seated at a table, head on arms, sobbing. She raises head at knock, rises, wipes tears from eyes and comes graciously forward, and extends hand.)

Y. W. "How do you do? Won't you come in? You must be an answer to my prayer. Be seated. It is cooler over here."

T. "Thank you, dear. I am your Relief Society teacher. My companion was unable to come. You have just moved here lately, have you not?"

Y. W. "Yes, and I know no one. It is so nice of you to call. Won't you tell me about Relief Society? I have always thought it was for only the older people."

T. "So many think that. I used to myself. But it is for everyone, and especially the young mothers.

We have each Tuesday set apart for different subjects. The teacher topics are given to us at a special meeting during the month. The block or district teachers (that is what I'm supposed to do today) bring the topics into your home for discussion. They are very beautiful and timely for our needs. Then the first Tuesday we study Theology. Our lessons are from the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. We also have testimony bearing on that day. These meetings are so inspiring and encouraging. The second Tuesday is work and business day. We make quilts and learn new wrinkles in homemaking. Sometimes we have a surprise social and special program. The third week is Literary lesson, the study of the classics in poetry, short story, novel, drama."

Y. W. (*who has been an ardent listener*) "It sounds so interesting, almost like a college course."

T. "Yes, it is. Then the fourth and last week is our social service lesson and takes up child training, personality development, sociology. It is very beneficial to the young mothers. You would enjoy them all."

Y. W. "Oh, I'm sure I would. And thank you so much for telling me about them. I would like to go tomorrow, but what about my little ones?"

T. "Bring them along. We have a woman to care for them, if you wish. I will call for you." (*rises to go*) "What beautiful lamps and art work. Did you make them?"

Y. W. "Yes. I'm glad you like them. I'll show you how, if you do not know."

T. "How sweet of you. But, better still, come and help us on our work and business day. Would you care to?"

Y. W. "Yes. I know now you were sent in answer to my prayer. Keeping busy will help to ease the loneliness. My husband died three months ago."

T. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I hope we can lighten your loss. (*takes her hand*) God bless you, dear. Watch for me. I'm coming over often. You've been an answer to my prayers, too, dear. Goodbye."

(*Curtain*)

Writing and Pasting

By Yvonne Adamson

I HAVE two besetting sins. Because of them, temptation assails me as I look at a clean white sheet of paper, and as I try to pass a fifteen cent store. I usually give way to the insidious desire that goads me on.

In spite of a slightly guilty conscience I enter the store and sneak down to the stationery counter. With the air of an explorer I glide past the envelopes and correspondence paper to the realm of notebooks and scrapbooks. Carefully, so as not to attract a salesgirl to me, I look them over. Suddenly, a thrill possesses me. A pasteless scrapbook! A Scribble-in Book. Oh, and a dark green colored book for recipes! I am doomed, for a salesgirl says, "May I serve you?" I buy all three of them, as I excuse myself with: "We don't really need that salad dressing. I can make some."

WHEN I unwrap them at home, my husband groans, "More scrapbooks! Why you haven't filled up the ones you've already started."

I overcome that criticism by demonstrating to him the pasteless scrap-

book. "Where's something to paste in it?" he asks, and he is so absorbed in those pages and pages of recipes that wouldn't fit in my other recipe books that he doesn't notice the new notebook I am labeling, "Doorstep Repartee."

DOORSTEP repartee is the term used to refer to that clever remark you would have made, had you only thought of it before you reached your own doorstep. It really is a shame to waste such witty sayings, so I write them down, in the hope that maybe sometime I'll get a chance to say them to someone.

Later, I may combine this book with "Conversation Scrapbook." It contains scraps of brilliant conversation that I hear, picturesque expressions, suggestions and instructions for improving conversation.

I AM going to purchase all of the M. I. A. Scrapbooks: "The Honey Comb," "My Story," "Treasures of Truth" and "Book of Remembrance."

"The Honey Comb" has been introduced since I was a Bee-Hive Girl, and I have been kept busy teaching Bee-Hive Girls ever since, so I missed those other delightful experiences. I should like to buy each class manual too, every year; they'd make an inspirational library.

I LIKE my "Success Book" best of all. It tells how I was detained in the fourth grade because I couldn't write a simple composition. Then it tells how I learned to write and now it is my most interesting pastime. It tells how I changed my unreadable penmanship overnight when I was a sophomore in high school. It describes my miserable failure at public speaking, and the way it kept haunting me so I dared not try again. Then I overcame my fear of that incident and made a good speech.

Which brings me to my latest, "Speech Scrapbook." It is a collection of controlling ideas for speeches. Besides ideas for 45 talks, I have jotted down all I remember from reading and observing in reference to preparing and giving a speech. It also includes a collection of mottoes of people I know, and each motto could form the nucleus of a speech. These are a few of them:

"If you can't win, make the one ahead break the record."

"Rise above it."

"Don't be a Scrub!"

"If you think you can, you can."

"I want friends, friends, and more friends."

As part of this collection I have listed all of the M. I. A. Slogans.

OF course I have a Snapshot Album. Other Scrap Books have supplements in the form of booklets on the same subjects. For instance, along with my Recipe Scrap Books, come my High School Cooking Book, and Free Recipe Booklets offered by advertisers of Food Products. I have a "Menu Book." In this I plan my own meals as well as paste menus I clip from various sources.

"My Schedules and Plans Scrap Book" contains schedules for work suggested in different magazines. I have also worked out several schedules of my own. When I think of a plan I record it here; sometimes I am appalled at the contrast between a plan and the results. Sometimes I am thrilled at the overwhelming success that comes through planning.

GAMES and Parties" is a Scrap Book in which I describe successful parties and games. I have a number of booklets to supplement this Scrap Book.

ONE would think my hobby is Scrap Books, but pasting and writing are mere elements of my real

hobby: "Personality Building." My "Personality Scrap Book" has a collection of personality tests, and clippings and thoughts on personality. To accompany these are a number of booklets and envelopes containing articles on beauty, charm and personality.

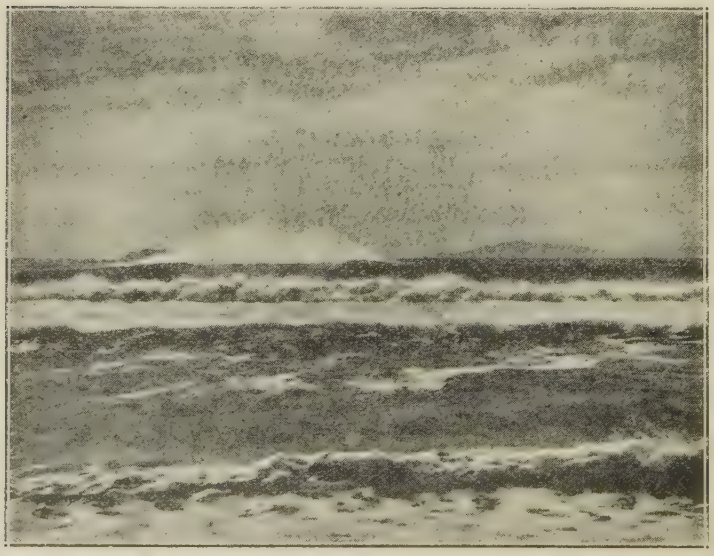
MOST of my Scrap Books are a means to develop my own personality. But I have one that I keep to help me understand the personalities of others. In it I describe the personality of almost every one I meet. I can feel my skill in analyzing people grow through this method. A companion book to it is a list of the hobbies of people I know. It is one of the ways to understand "People," the most engrossing subject in the world.

TO THE SEA

By Bryce W. Anderson

Great foster-mother of wandering sailor men
And silent arbiter of destiny,
Against whose trembling breasts, in passion free,
Beat the bold winds again and yet again,
Until they creep away in shame, and then,
To still their aching memories of thee
Go blustering over mountain, glade and lea,
And shout wild triumphs at each peaceful glen:

Thine is the power timeless, thine the hold
Unshaken by the centuries, and yet,
When in thy storm-filled night thou come to grips
With that eternity from whose forgotten mould
Thy shape was wrought, can you, O Sea, forget
The stark ghosts of a thousand ages ships?



Patriotism

By Edith E. Anderson

When you see that flag of beauty
Wafted toward the vaulted sky
Do you feel an urgent duty
To uphold its standard high?
Do its bars impel your valour
To defend its purity?
Do its stars inspire your heart-throbs
E'er to beat in constancy?
Think no word of pledged devotion
Can alone prove loyalty.
They who gave this glorious banner
Earned their right to liberty.
Would you emulate their courage
And sustain your country's cause
You can give your true allegiance
By obedience to its laws.

Road Signs

By Drucilla H. McFarland

"PASSPORTS please! Tourists? Ninety cents toll. O. K. for the American side."

And so we crossed Ambassador Toll Bridge, that colossal feat of engineering expansion that stretches high above the pleasure boats and the tradeships of international commerce, on the Detroit River, and connects Michigan, U. S. A., with Ontario, Canada. A bronze plaque built into the metal parapet of the bridge bears record of a great service, while it pays tribute to the manhood of these two countries, who went down in the Great War, sacrificing their lives for world betterment.

OVER a thousand miles, our minds traveled ahead, to Memory Park in Salt Lake City, where remembrance of our native sons is perpetuated by a monument of different type—a beautiful garden under the shadows of the State Capitol Building, with two city blocks picturesquely landscaped along an old river gorge.

Significant memorials are these—well planned and fittingly executed. They are distinguishing marks of their locale.

WITH our faces turned again home, we followed an old trail. It was the line of march of a pioneer band who gathered from these far states nearly a century ago. From East to West they trekked, doing their bit to build a frontier in the Rockies.

Their route is now traceable through country and town. Here and there it is indicated by granite monuments bearing historical data. It is marked with great cities that have rooted and grown as if from seed dropped by these early empire builders as they passed.

Each place recounts, with road-signs, the story of its own progress. They tell of accomplishment in wealth and population, in civic attainment of tax-freedom, in crime-reduction and school child protection. They proclaim scenic wonders and national enterprises.

The landscape itself portrays the attitude of the inhabitants. Thereon are engraved signs of advancement or failure; signs of toil, of negli-

gence, of optimism, of despair—each section revealing a story.

There is the freshness of New England and the Great Lake states' painted green landscape, a pastoral, truly.

The cherry orchards of Michigan and Indiana fairly flaunt temptation to stay and sip their red nectar. Grassy sward-bordered highways are strung mile upon mile with glass jars of fruit cider (maybe only a colored imitation, but sparkling and inviting just the same).

Then there is the grain belt with its wide farms joining one another into one vast waving field of gold. Mule teams and drivers bear themselves importantly all along the rich Mississippi and Missouri river valleys, helping to flaunt the yellow banner.

Then the long westward-pointing highway runs through county after county of patterned fields striped with tall corn and offset here and there by hog-dotted blocks of pasture.

And now the level prairie country and desert. Grease-wood, brilliant cactus, and roving herds of range cattle. Then a few scattered bands of sheep, the Continental Divide, and indication of a rocky mountainous country again. Even here the enlightening road-signs point out interesting features—dinosaur beds, and scenes of Indian encounter.

WE are home again. What do we read on the road-signs of Utah? What marks are her citizenry delineating daily upon her face? Do they feature the undaunted spirit of the pioneer fathers? Do they tell of the patient mothers who toiled untiringly for the esthetic and the beautiful? Are there ensigns of refinement and culture and love of home flying from our ramparts today?

Yes. And no.

Many homes do portray all that the pioneer designers could have wished for. Some homesteads appear as masterpieces, artist-drawn upon the chart of nature. Others might well be brightened and their marks of discouragement covered by a simple flower garden, for flowers are one of the choicest gifts from a kind Father, intended to suffuse the drab earth with color and to diffuse sweetness and serenity by their perfumed breath.

Our roadsides are our press agents. Unsightly ones proclaim a morose attitude toward life, while optimism and progress are shown in the orderly districts.

Tourists are observant and critical and the road-sign spirit, be it good or bad, is transmitted to and propagated by them. Herein lies an opportunity and a duty.

UTAH has the setting for the loveliest flower gardens in the world. Its hills and dales and streams are priceless assets in acquiring that desired naturalistic effect that makes for real beauty. A natural pool, a gnarled old tree, a hummock, or a depression in the yard will aid us in marking our state with distinction. Individuals and clubs of enterprise in nearly every community have become flower-minded and are now sponsoring home-beautification projects. Commercial growers are spending time and talent to encourage their patrons to improve their neighborhoods. Even the government is furnishing funds for the beautification of homes, parks, and highways.

All of these movements are worthy of support.

The cooperative efforts of you and me are now needed to make a statewide monument to the noble men and women who made Utah to blossom as the rose.

Prayer

By a Mother Who Knows

Characters—Mother and Father, Jack (16), Phil (8), Ruth (14), Sylvia (6) and Babe (4), also doctor and two neighbors.

Setting—Living room of the family.

Time—Sunday School time and right after.

(Mother is at writing desk writing—father is reading papers. They are talking as curtain rises.)

F. You see mother, it sort of made me lose faith in that sort of thing—I had never prayed more earnestly for anything in my life before—and then to see nothing change—just that terrible suffering until he finally (*rustles papers to control feelings.*)

M. Have you ever considered, dear, that perhaps it was better for him to go then than to remain and never be able to see or hear again?

F. The least the Lord could have done would have been to have eased his suffering. Oh, I want you to teach the children to pray—its good training for them—but I hope they don't fasten on it as I did and get such a jolt.

M. I'm sure its good training and we haven't done justice to it in our home yet. Here's quite a comprehensive statement of it by Santayana —"In rational prayer the soul may be said to accomplish three things important to its welfare—withdrawal within itself and defines its good —accommodates itself to destiny." (*pauses and studies father*)

F. Well?

M. (*continues to read*) "And it grows like the ideal it conceives."

F. Uh-huh. (*is once more enjoying his papers*)

M. (*to self*) Evidently more than the children in this family need converting. (*exit*)

(Babe enters dressed in Sunday best—runs to Daddy and throws herself in his arms disregarding papers.)

F. (*laughing*) Say—whoa—(*settles her on lap*) "What did you learn in Sunday School today, Babe?"

B. A new piece—I can say it (*recites*) "Father, give us day by day, joy and strength in work and play, Make us good and kind and true, loving Thee in all we do." (*Looks for approval at father who beams at her performance and then she sees a comic strip in paper he still holds*) Oh, Daddy—read me about Bim Dump.

F. (*following strip*) Bim and Andy are talking to this man—see he is a doctor—Bim says, "And doctor I wish you would look at my wife—I don't like her looks—" Andy looks at the doctor who says "all right" and he says—"Say doctor I wish you'd do something about my wife's looks too—I don't like them either."

(Other children enter throwing hats, flopping in chairs and causing general confusion arguing together. Ruth and Jack enter together.)

Ruth. "That teacher is nuts."

Phil. Hey, mom, isn't dinner ready?

M. (*returns to room*) All ready—roast chicken, mashed potatoes, tomato salad—" (*all start for dining room but she stops them*) Wait—I have cooked a lovely dinner for you and I want some thanks.

J. (*kisses her*) Swell mom!

M. (*laughs*) No—I want you to do something for me.

R. Oh, let's eat first!

M. (*goes to desk and brings slips*) Today all over the church we are to emphasize prayer—here are some short prayers for you—see who can learn his first while I'm getting dinner on. (*hands each one—they object with*) "Ah rats"—"Oh Mother" —(*Ruth offers to help instead but each finally agrees*)

(Phil takes his off to corner and starts to shouting but Jack stops him and they finally settle down. Father returns grudgingly to his papers. Mother returns twice to announce "five more minutes" then later "one more minute"—then returns. Babe skipped outside when mother said, "Five more minutes," she stands around until then.)

R. Mother, did you write these?

M. Oh my no, I found them in the Parents' Magazine.* All right, Phil—first?

(Mother has to prompt Phil and Sylvia.)

Phil. "Father of Human Kindness, teach us to be kind. Keep us from doing unkind or cruel things to any animal or person. Help us to be as good to others as we would have them be to us. Give us gentle words, quiet voices and kindly tongues. May we never call people unkind names or speak unpleasantly of their clothes or toys. Make us sorry when others are in trouble quick to see how we can help them—Amen." But, mother, it wasn't my fault if Sonny got caught—I wasn't even there. (*mother gestures him to stop talking and says*)

M. Ruth?

R. "Wise teacher of mankind—we want to be wise. Go with us to our school where we learn (glances at paper) make us honest, never cheating nor taking unfair help from others. May we help the teacher by doing the things she wishes and thus show our thanks for the things she is teaching us. Help us to be good friends with the other students. If others do many things better than we, help us to praise them and be glad with them. If we excel in anything keep us from conceit. Give us real joy in our work because we are always striving to do our best"—there! (*returns paper*)

S. "Giver of true joy—be with us in our play, make us play fair so that others may have a good time too. May we never hurt or spoil the fun for those who play with us. Even in play, may we be thoughtful lest we damage the toys, lawns, bushes, and fences around us. Help us to use our strength to defend the weak, and never to be snobbish but friendly to all. Make us unselfish, glad to share our toys with others. Amen."

J. (*starts right in and talks fast to get to dinner sooner*) "Father of Courage—We would be brave, so brave that we shall always tell the truth and do the right, so brave that we shall never need to talk too big nor boast, so brave that we do not cry over little hurts, so brave that we shall never fight except to defend someone who needs our help. Take away our foolish fears and make us brave. Amen." Say, mother, you want us to think when we pray and pray for real values. Your idea is not to have a set wording for a prayer and say it every time, is it? Well, Mom—your kids won't be as dumb about prayer as Jones? They had Apostle Smith to dinner and Junior came in late and looked around and right before the Apostle he said, "Hey—Dad—why are all the chairs turned this way?" (*all laugh*)

M. The chicken is all carved, daddy.

*These prayers are used by permission of "The Parents' Magazine."

(All rush through the door, mother last but father turns as he gets to door—others have gone out.)

F. Where's babe?

M. I think she went out to play—call her, dear.

(Mother exits after others. Father exits outside door. Stage is empty and very still for a minute—then a child's terrible scream is heard from distance—followed by hoarse cry from father. A long pause then father carries baby in as the rest of family rush in terrified. Babe is laid on couch. Mother almost loses control—calling to baby—neighbors near front of stage.)

N. Did you get the doctor?

N. He's on his way—how on earth did it happen?

N. They were chasing each other and didn't see the car—it must have been going at least 50 anyway—

(Doctor enters—asks all but parents to leave. Makes swift examination.)

Dr. Still unconscious—no outside injuries except severe bruises—there may be inside (*pours something on sponge and holds to her face but she still lies inert*)—I'm sorry—there's nothing can be done but just wait.

(Father paces floor—mother is quiet, kneeling at couch—occasionally sobs. Father calls in others who are huddled on other side of door.)

F. (*arms around Jack and Sylvia*) There is *something* that can be done—but I haven't strength to do it *alone*—we can pray for her—our prayer may not be answered—but we are willing to abide by the decision of God who knows best. (*they all kneel except father who stands and with uplifted face says merely*) "Our hearts are full of gratitude to Thee, oh God, for this choice treasure you have given us—we feel unworthy but we humbly and earnestly ask thee, gracious Father, to spare her to us yet a while—because—we love her so—and yet in true sincerity we say—thy will and not ours be done—Amen." (*a long pause*)

(Mother goes to father who puts his arms around her for support. Another long pause then Babe stirs—she moves—she slowly sits up and holds head—other children and parents must be so grouped that this is very evident to audience—children watch her holding their breath—father still facing front stage with mother clinging to him—she finally sees him and calls faintly but clearly.)

B. "Daddy—Daddy."

(His eyes open in joyful awe—then he closes them as if to silently utter a brief prayer of gratitude—or perhaps stop unruly tears—then he and mother rush to their baby as the curtain falls.)

"THIS IS THE PLACE"

By Katherine Fernelius

Into the echoing silences
Beneath the lonely desert sky,
A leader spoke four simple words,
And if the buzzard sailing high
Had heard, he would have screamed with glee;
"This is the place"—a place to die!
Scorched, barren plain, a dead salt sea,
And sagebrush, dreary mile on mile—
How harsh it must have smote their eyes,
That weary and slow-moving file!
Four pebbles dropped in a placid pool . . .
His words an age-old silence broke
In that vast space of sky and plain;
The little sleeping echoes woke
And spread . . . and gained . . . and grew apace . . .
And now ten thousand voices ring
In glorious song, "This is the Place!"

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—The true patriot is the law-abiding citizen.

IRENE JOLIOT-CURIE, daughter of the discoverer of radium, Suzanne Lacoire, welfare worker, and Cecile Bannschivig, suffragist, have accepted appointments in the French Cabinet under Premier Leon Blum. The first women in France so honored.

MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN, of Utah, with her husband, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, will leave this summer for an extended sojourn in Europe. Mrs. Lyman will have supervision of the women's organizations of the Mormon Church in the European mission with headquarters in London.

WINIFRED BONFILS (Annie Laurie), famous columnist and newspaper reporter, died recently in San Francisco. The flags of that city were hung at half mast in her honor.

RUBY C. BAHR of Wisconsin, and Inez Pitts of Mississippi, telephone operators, received the annual Vail award—a silver medal and $250 cash this year, for unusual courage and prompt intelligent action while at their post.

MINERVA RICHARDS KNOWLTON, well known relief and temple worker among the Latter-day Saints, died last May. Her charities were boundless and her service to humanity unexcelled.

GRACE MOORE, American singer, has received a marvelous ovation in Stockholm, the birthplace of Jenny Lind, "the Swedish nightingale." Crowds followed her as she rode through the streets and cheered in front of her hotel until she appeared on the balcony to bow. Nearly a hundred years ago Jenny Lind received a similar ovation in America.

BESSIE BROWN of Utah, who made her debut in a stellar role last May with the Chicago Opera Company, has been engaged to sing contralto roles through the season of 36-37 by that company.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has been selected to star in the new picture adapted from the great Hungarian play, Marie Baskirtcheff, so successfully produced last year in Budapest.

HELEN HAYES, as Victoria Regina, has received the annual award for the most distinguished performance of the year, from the New York Drama League.

SONJA HEINIE, the newest athletic heroine, has yielded to the Hollywood lure and become professional.

MARCIA DAVENPORT'S "Mozart" and "Tomorrow To Fresh Fields," by Mary Master Needham are among the worthwhile books of the season.

BEATRICE HARRADAN, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," and Mary Johnston, American novelist, were among the famous writers who died this last spring.

The Peace That Passeth Understanding

By Mary Nolan

MATILDA NELSON'S eyes were bright with angry tears, as her sharp butcher knife made small white cubes of a pile of pork fat. She pushed the filled pan across the table to David, her husband, who was patiently and methodically putting the cubes one by one into a food-chopper, and carefully placing the ground grease into a huge kettle for rendering. The smell of the frying grease, and the mess of it, had irritated Matilda, and now they were going around in that age old argument; and neither knew just what had brought it up this time.

"But, David, I don't want the children to be contented here—to grow up, marry someone here and settle down in this place. I can't stand it. That's just what I did, and sometimes I feel like I was hemmed in, and smothered. Ever since I can remember, I have looked forward for the day when I could go away from here. Since the children are growing up, it's worse, and these last few years, with the shortage of water and poor prices, it seems farther away than ever. I want them to go away where they can have advantages that they cannot get here—meet new people, take music lessons, and dancing and know something besides soil and cows, wheat-smut and washing dishes and scrubbing floors. I want them to have all the things I've longed for so and missed. I want them to have culture!" Deliberately, David unfastened the chopper, scraped the knife clean, emptied the remaining grease into the kettle, and then turned.

"Mattie," he said quietly, "I, too, have longed for many things that I have missed in my life. It has been a source of sorrow to me always that my education so far as schools are concerned, is so meager. But I can't turn the clock back and live it over, so I try not to let the past spoil the present for me.

"There are a great many other things to real culture besides dancing gracefully and being able to play the piano with enameled finger tips. I know people who can do neither, and they know cows, soil and all these things that seem disagreeable to you. Real culture is 'that which gives us sympathy with every form of human life.' "

"But the worthwhile people for your children to meet and marry, David!"

"In every community, village or metropolis — wherever you go — you'll find good and not so good—some of each kind. People are pretty much the same, the world over—always have been and always will be, Mattie. Do you remember how happy Mr. and Mrs. Durham were to get back here, after they had spent a couple of years in the city? You know the sorrow that came to them, while they were there, when their two oldest married 'city-folks.' George and his wife are divorced, and one look at Mary, when she was here visiting, convinced me that her heart is still here with the farmer boy she jilted.

"Mrs. Durham told me herself, that in the church organizations here

they have more opportunity of activity because in the large wards there are so many more people than positions for them. She said she had been asked to do much more in the short time she has been home than in all the while she was away.

"All of these things help us toward culture, Mattie. The lessons and activities in the various organizations are outlined with that thought in mind." He washed his hands, dried them carefully, and hung the towel smoothly across the bar.

"When I was straightening those boxes in the basement, I came across an old Era with an article in it I'd like you to read. I have forgotten the author, but he gave five rules for happiness, and one gave this thought—'That wherever you are, believe that that is the best place in the world for you to be that day.' I read it years ago and it has helped me mightily. Sometimes when I've had a discouraging day, this thought slips into my mind. At chore time, when I see all the animals eating, and know that we've plenty to eat ourselves, plenty to keep us warm, and a little to share with people less fortunate than we are—all of us well and strong, mentally and physically, gratitude for these things fills my heart and there is that peace that comes to me that 'passeth understanding,' and all those times the only thing I wish for is that it could come to you, too, Mattie."

"Oh, David, you make me tired, you always quote things to me. The only peace I'll ever have is when I leave this hateful place and these hateful people! You've promised that I can take the children away to school next year and I expect you to keep it!"

"There are times when you frighten me, Mattie," said David sternly but quietly still. "Sometimes I think folks need real trials to come to them. They need the bitter to appreciate the sweet. This straining at the leash is making an old woman of you, Mattie; you are making the children unhappy too. Just yesterday Marie came to me in distress, because you had told her she would have to go away next year; her heart is set on being graduated with the children she has been with ever since she began school. Such things may not seem much to you but they are big things to them."

David put on his hat, and stood in the doorway. "I'm through arguing with you, but I'm going to tell you something. I'll bet that you can pick out any five families in this village that have great trials or sorrows—you can choose them yourself—and visit them and you'll find all of them are happier and more grateful for blessings than you are. And I'll dare you to do it!" And David went out, closing the door a little hard for David.

He had pierced the one soft spot in Matilda's armor. No one could ever say she had not taken a dare—

"Well today's as good a day as any, and I've got to take the cream to the station besides—and I'm not one who cannot say I'm wrong if I am convinced that I am."

TWO o'clock saw Matilda leaving an immaculate kitchen—the bright cans of lard stood in a row on the drain board to cool. Her plans were made. She would leave the cream at the station, make her visits, and call for the cream check and buy the groceries on her way home.

She had taken David at his word and decided to visit the families she considered had the greatest trials. Four, she had in mind and would decide on the fifth later. First was

Aunt Jane Alden, who had a son in the State Mental Hospital. Next, Lucy Davis, who had suffered ill health and was losing her hearing, and whose husband was "dumb,"—not the kind who was without speech, but one who had too much. Then, Ester Perry who was blind, and lonely. Her aged husband was her only companion. And fourth Mandie Bowen, who was like the old woman in the shoe for children, and whose cupboard was often as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's.

The car was an old model, but David kept it up well, and in a short time she was at the cream station.

"I'll get the check on my way home, Bob," she told the attendant, and feeling confident drove the remaining mile to Aunt Jane Alden's home.

"Well if it isn't Mattie Nelson, of all people," said Aunt Jane, a sweet faced little woman, in a cheery voice upon opening the door. "Come in. I'm so glad to see you. We've just finished putting the sausage away, and I haven't changed my apron yet." As her husband picked up a box of glass fruit jars filled with juicy brown sausage cakes she continued. "Put those pint jars handy to the front, Tom." Then turning to Matilda, she said, "I like to have them handy to slip into the little boxes of fruit and cookies and so on that I send to folks who have sickness or trouble," she added brightly. "Doesn't it give you joy to do things like that?" As she talked she went to a dresser drawer in the next room and came back with a smoothly ironed apron and a letter. "Here's a letter from Fred I'd like you to read, Mattie. It made us very happy. He thinks he may be able to come home for Christmas. Of course he has hoped the same for the last two years and then would get bad again, so Pa and I hardly hope for it, but we are so glad that there are times he can write to us like this. So we don't feel to complain, although our hearts ache; we feel that we must go on just the best we can in spite of our sorrow and do our best to make the world a glad place to be. Don't you think so, too, Mattie?" It bothered Mattie to have to answer these pointed questions.

"I guess you are right, Aunt Jane," said Matilda soberly, as she mentally said, "Score one for David." "I must go now, I just thought I'd run up and see how you were while they weighed my cream. I've two or three other calls to make."

"Well, thanks for coming, Mattie. It is nice to see you. Let me put these apples in a bag for the children's lunch. Maybe you have some that are better, but I always like to give things to kiddies and I think they like to be remembered too."

AS Matilda put the apples in the car she said to herself,

"I wonder why I've never thought of that before, and just today I called her hateful. I don't know what Lucy will think when she sees me. I haven't been to see her for so long." At her knock Alex Davis opened the door.

"Come in, Matilda. I guess you want to see Lucy, she's in the other room. Go right in."

"Yes, I do want to see Lucy, how is she and how are you and the children?"

"Oh, fine. I'm just cookin' some potatoes for yeast," as Matilda glanced toward a bubbling kettle on the stove. "Gracie makes the yeast when she gets home from school and mixes bread in the morning. Then I bake it if it gets too light before she gets home. I don't make such

pretty loaves as Gracie, but I fix it in some fashion."

By this time Matilda was in the bedroom and Lucy, with a smile brightening her face was shaking her hand. From the door, Alec was still talking.

"You'll have to lean over and holler pretty loud. She can't hardly hear anything. Seems like she's getting a little better though."

"I came to see how you are feeling, Lucy, and if I could do something for you," shouted Matilda. That last she hadn't meant to say at all. She didn't know how she had let it slip out. But out it was; and she felt strangely better for it. Lucy answered with a bright smile.

"There isn't anything at all we need, Mattie. Alec and the children do very well, with the work and I'm getting strong rapidly. I'll be up in a week or so all the better for my rest in bed. Alec and I can't talk very much, but it's a comfort to have him fussing around the house where I can call him if I need anything. He's patient with the children too. The only thing you could do is come and see me oftener. I'd like that."

As she went through the kitchen a little later Alec was preparing apples to bake for the children's suppers. She asked, "Alec, is there anything you'd like me to do for you?"

"Why, no, Mattie, not as long as we can get along by ourselves. It makes us feel better to be independent, and it's a good lesson to teach the children. I won't let them suffer at all; but I want them to learn to do for themselves. Thanks just the same, Mattie."

"I shall never call Alec Davis 'dumb' again. I guess I've never understood him before," thought Matilda as she closed the gate. "Well, David, score *two* for your side."

SHE knocked at the front door of Ester Perry's little cottage, and then walked past the lilac hedge around to the back. Ester was coming from the wood pile, with her apron full of kindlings, her right hand sliding along a smooth wire, which led from the wood pile post to the kitchen door. Lest she frighten her, Matilda called, "Hello, Mrs. Perry, how are you?" Mrs. Perry stopped quickly, and her sensitive features looked puzzled for a moment, then she said, "If it hadn't been so long since I heard that voice I'd say it belonged to Mattie Nelson."

"Right the first time, Mrs. Perry," said Matilda brightly, for her, and added, "I'm sorry it has been so long." Her tongue was surely getting unruly today. "Let me take your arm, and we can go faster."

In the house Mrs. Perry went straight to the wood box, laid the kindling in and said,

"Take a chair there by the stove, Mattie, while I hang up my jacket. Jack went up to Brother Brown's to chat a while and I thought I'd carry in the kindling while he was gone." She seated herself in a low chair near the radio, and said, "Now tell me all the news of the town."

"Well, you see, I don't go out much, Ester, so I'm not very well informed. I came today to see how you were feeling."

"It's nice of you to take that trouble, and I'm happy to say that Jack and I are splendid. He looks on the dark side once in a while, then I laugh him out of it again. Yesterday Brother Brown came down and they were talking about hard times and having such a good time feeling sorry for themselves.

Brother Brown was afraid he wouldn't have enough feed for his cattle to finish the winter, and then they started on the depression in general; and I just scolded them. I said, 'You two sound like two old women! With all the blessings you have you shouldn't complain. The Lord has taken care of us all these years and He isn't going to forsake us now before Spring.' And that's just how I feel about it, Mattie. God is good to His children." And as Matilda looked into those sightless eyes she was glad no one could see how small she felt. And as she went thoughtfully out to the car, she said, "Well, four calls will be plenty. I won't bother about the fifth. It looks like David is right."

AS she turned off the road and drove up the lane, toward Mandie Bowen's house, she saw two or three children scamper to the house and then saw Mandie come to the window. By the time she had stopped the car Mandie was at the back gate to welcome her.

"Hello, Mattie, how nice it is to see you, again. Get off the running board, children, so she can open the door!" and as they went in the house, again Mattie thought of the old woman in the shoe. There was one boy about fifteen chopping wood, two somewhat younger piling it beside the house. Two little girls and a boy clambering along beside their mother, and as they entered the house she saw the twin babies lying in the crib, and the oldest daughter was scrubbing a bare floor.

"Sit over here, Mattie, where June has scrubbed and you children scamper outside now, until the floor dries. Take them to the playhouse, Mary Lue, and tell them a story, while I rest a minute."

"Really, I can't stay, Mandie, I came up with my cream and thought I'd make a few calls, while I was waiting. It seems that I have so much to do, I don't see how you manage with your little ones."

"Well, I couldn't if they all didn't do their part. The washings are large but June always does most of the ironing before and after school, and I darn and patch overalls and bloomers evenings, while the children study. We get up early and have the twins bathed before school and the dishes washed. We usually fix the lunches the night before. That saves so much time. Since Ned has had this relief work, we have gotten along so much better. I'll declare, it seemed that one of the children always needs shoes. Thank goodness they are all shod now," she said laughing. "There are a lot of us, Mattie, but not one that we could do without;" and she tucked the blanket around one of the twins that had fallen asleep, and patted its rosy little hand.

THE sun had dropped behind the western hills, leaving a red afterglow in the sky. As Mattie drove into her own yard Dave was feeding the cows. Hugh, the youngest, was picking up chips, and she heard Tom, the oldest, talking to a baby calf, trying to get it into the shed.

"Come on, buddy, you've got to learn to stand on your own legs, in this world," and to the cow, "Go on, Bossy. I'll bring your baby."

The glow from the sky reflected on the window panes, smoke was curling from the chimney and the sweet young voice of Marie came floating from the house in song, as she was laying the table for supper.

A feeling of well being and joy seemed to flow through Matilda's being and she felt rested and peaceful.

"Don't try to lift the can, Mother, I'll get it," said Hugh.

"Hello, Moms," said Marie. "I've the nicest thing to tell you. The dramatic teacher asked me to try out for a part in the all school play. I'd love to, Moms, it will make me late getting home while we practice, though. Do you think I might? You see if we go away next year this is my last chance."

"Why, yes, dear, try if you wish. It may give you a better chance for next year if you do well this time. I've given up the thought of going away to school, Marie."

"Oh, mother, have you really?" cried Marie happily. And she started to come to her mother, but Mattie checked her saying,

"Run upstairs, Marie, and shut Tom's window. He's left it open again and the curtain has blown outside." As Marie raced upstairs, she asked herself. "Well, am I dumbfounded?"

Later on in the evening when the children were in bed and David had finished his paper, and had folded it carefully, Mattie said quietly,

"David—I think we both won by that wager." And dear, wise David asked no questions. With his kind soul he could never say, "I told you so." Instead he gave her rough little hand an understanding squeeze and said,

"I believe we'll have an early spring, Mattie. Tonight I saw a flock of wild geese flying northward."

LUGEAN BEWS WITH HER FIVE GRANDMOTHERS

Back row: Sarah Yates Bews, Ida Wheatley.
Front row: Great grandmothers, Isabella Wheatley Durrant, Margaret Forsythe Yates, Marian Hutchison. All grandmothers are active workers in the Relief Society.

The Possession of Pottery

By Dorothy Nell Mair

WHAT was once a coveted treasure of kings and queens is today a cherished possession in every woman's home. And were it not for the disobedience of a king's command, Dresden pottery might still be jealously guarded from general distribution to the masses.

Every housewife loves pottery. It expresses her pride. It also expresses her artistic taste. Her well-set dinner table, gleaming with white dinnerware and crystal, bids welcome to the guest in her house. Vases filled with flowers; candy jars on occasional tables; porcelain statuettes upon a mantel, or molded into book ends, all add a coziness to a room that makes it livable.

Because pottery is so available to us today, we are likely to forfeit a true sense of value attached to some old family heirloom. Perhaps a vase, an old bowl, or a plate—very much out of date in design—may have been produced in one of the experimental periods which make the history of ceramics so romantic. Our pottery of today is the aftermath of an art once developed under mystic ceremonial rites, and jealously guarded in the long, long ago for pottery is the oldest of the arts.

IN Europe, ancient pottery was the cherished possession of royalty, being first produced by an occult process surrounded by superstition and mystery. A great price was placed upon each piece. It was made for kings, and like all the great arts of the past, sponsored by kings. The formulas and secrets of its making were well guarded. It was not intended to be an art in which the masses could share. And so rare were pieces of Oriental pottery that Augustus II of Poland (who ascended the throne of Saxony in 1733) exchanged a regiment of soldiers for pieces which he admired among the treasures of the King of Prussia.

A great passion for Oriental pottery swept the continent, and the pottery-makers of Germany attempted to reproduce this type. The experiments were costly, but since royalty could afford anything—at the expense of the taxpayers—the experiments were carried on. Materials were imported from great distances and vast sums of money spent. During these experiments new forms were developed, among them Old Dresden.

We cannot think of pottery, especially the figure work, without recalling the name Dresden, which is Meissen porcelain. It was first produced by one Bottger in the year 1710 after a white substance used for hair powder was found to be true kaolin. This discovery was so sensational and so important to the field of ceramics, that the works were moved from Dresden to Albrechtsburg at Meissen for security. Albrechtsburg was a fortress, and the pottery works were placed within its walls. Bottger, with his workmen, was held prisoner. Such was the price of kingly possession and monopoly!

THIS early Dresden ware was so admired by the king, that he issued a command forbidding its sale, reserving the pieces for his own use in the palace, or as gifts. Workmen about the castle, and soldiers, too, were often paid in porcelain.

But through disobedience of the king's command, pieces came into the hand of those who could afford the price. The prestige of a family was immediately increased by ownership of just one piece. It was forever the pride and joy of the household, no matter how difficult the means of obtaining the purchase price. And so, through disobedience of a king's command, the general distribution of Dresden pottery among the masses began.

THE pottery workers, objecting to prison life, escaped one by one to other states of Germany and started factories of their own. As the rage for Dresden pottery spread, smaller states also opened up factories. What was originally an experiment in an attempt to duplicate the Oriental pieces, turned out to be a new form that gained in popularity over the pottery of the Orient. Formulas and designs were perfected and passed on from one master to another, and each master originated formulas of his own, and designs in keeping with the period in which he lived and worked. Thus the pottery of the past reflects the civilization of the past from one stage to another.

From master potter to successor the patterns were improved upon and changed with the advancement of the centuries, until today, we have a choice of the finest, as well as the most artistic, in dinnerware that any housewife would be proud to own. True, a collector of pottery would be most interested in the rare old pieces of the past. The old patterns of the past are valuable, and attractive too. So, also, are the patterns of our day, which mirror our civilization. But unlike the pottery of old, the modern pottery is all the more attractive to the housewife, because of the wide range of selection in design and quality. She is able to purchase quality in keeping with her financial budget, and yet have the elegance of artistic taste, and the pride of her own home expressed in her dinnerware. For not even a king can deprive her of this prestige now.

MRS. LORENZO LEAVITT OF SANTA CLARA, UTAH AND HER SEVEN DAUGHTERS

How Does Your Religion Function?

By Fern Killian Grote

IF A man's sense organs are faulty the impressions he gets are faulty also. If the eyes do not focus properly illusion may be the result. Noises in the head or misleading sounds annoy one and if the subject does not become queer, he is not his normal self. If the olfactory nerves become fatigued he has what we call "smell exhaustion." Quite frequently some of the olfactory nerves become exhausted from continuous use and we say he has got used to a certain odor and can no longer detect it, but the other olfactory nerves are in normal condition and he detects other odors.

RELIGION may be defined as man's effort to unify himself with the universe in order that he may feel more at home here. If his religion functions properly, it will make him a better man, happier and more contented, but if his religion is faulty, his adjustment is faulty and his religion often does more damage than good.

Like the winding river and the cow path, nervous energy and man's religion tend to follow the line of least resistance. Because of this it is difficult to eliminate superstition from religion. We allow superstition to creep in. In fact we are prone to actually teach it, and invite it.

LET us pause for a moment to glance at the mechanical apparatus of thinking. Every minute part of our body is tied up with our thinking. The sensations are called the gateways to the mind. The nerves carry sensory impressions to the nerve centers. The smallest nerve unit is the neurone. Each nervous impulse has to travel from neurone to neurone until it reaches its destination. Between neurones is a neutral zone that offers a certain amount of resistance which has to be worn down and a direct route established. When the eyes see something delightful a sensory neurone chain carries the message to the brain center and the brain sends out a motor chain response and we reach for the object without a conscious thought. We have become efficient in this because these nerve impulses have been traveling continually back and forth over a direct route since we were tiny babies, but how many babies of three or four months can do it? After they learn to look at an object, they have difficulty learning to put their hands on it. Their nervous impulses are traveling the paths of least resistance. They have not yet learned to travel the straight and direct route. The resisting shrubbery must be cut down and a direct route established.

SOME of our greatest psychologists say that religion is an instinct. If a child were allowed to grow up alone on an island, he would make some effort to identify himself with the universe, would probably form some idea as to how he got there and what might happen to him. We could hardly expect him to have a religion so complete as Christianity.

Religion has a history. An effort to get the goods of life and preserve them with the help upon which we depend spells religion. In ancient days of the burnt sacrifice, people

believed that feasts would gratify the nostrils of God and he would hear their prayers. Later they undertook to flatter Him; give Him feasts, and dance and sing to Him. Superstition and distorted ideas were the vogue and we have not entirely crawled out from under them. How many of us worship in the old fashioned way instead of glorifying our Maker by our lives of good works? Religion works upon the subconscious mind and our thoughts in a very subtle way.

Our subconscious mind controls us to a great extent. Most of our work, eating, playing, reading and even thinking is done subconsciously. If we think conscientiously, weigh the facts reasonably, for or against a decision, it is real work. Our subconscious mind is built up from childhood like our nerve patterns and facial features so it is doubly important that we teach our children a religion built solidly upon truth; one that won't suddenly drop out from under them when a critical question arises. Faith is a direct means of reaching the subconscious because one's point of view controls his actions. Guide your child's thoughts while he is young enough to take your word as authority. Teach him to think clear, direct thoughts that appeal to his reason and best judgment. William James, the great psychologist says:

"As you think you travel; and as you love you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You will realize the vision, not the idle wish of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you, secretly, most love. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain or rise with your thoughts, your wisdom, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration."

If your child's faith is built upon superstition, ignorance, fear and untruth his entire life may become warped, narrow and mean. Look at your own religion. What has it done for you?

AS for myself, I want a religion unfettered by the belief that children are born in sin. Such a belief is ugly and unreasonable. I want a religion that will recognize sex in a wholesome, beautiful manner; that will recognize love as the strongest force in the world.

I want a religion that teaches "The Glory of God is Intelligence." That teaches progression and keeps me stimulated to do better work. I will consider no dead religions that appeal to fear and negative motives. "Confess and be saved" has passed. I know that the one who puts his hand on the stove and is burned will have a sore hand no matter how much he confesses or repents afterward. It may save him the next burn, but he has to pay for breaking the law. I want a religion unfettered by dogmatism.

"Man is that he might have joy." Let me breathe a prayer of gratitude when joy is awakened by love, a strain of music, a scene, or a poem.

Books of the Old Testament

By Leona W. Fosgren

GENESIS tells of the origin
Of the world, of man and of sin;
EXODUS tells of Israel's flight
And sojourn, the desert within.
LEVITICUS gives all the laws
Relating to holiness;
NUMBERS tells of the trials
Of forty years in lowliness.
DEUTERONOMY means "second law,"
The commandments and rules it discloses;
These five books taken together
Are known as the "Five Books of Moses."

Now twelve books of history come next,
Telling tales of the laws of the land;
The sinner, the wicked, the righteous,
How they shunned or obeyed God's command.

First comes JOSHUA, the prophet so great,
Telling the conquest of Palestine;
How Israel divided the land,
Each tribe given their own boundary line;
While JUDGES tells of the struggles
Of the lawless, disorganized ring
Of the Hebrew rulers that led,
Before they selected a king.
RUTH with her sweet story tells
Of the ancestry of David and Christ,
And of a love so loyal and true
That naught its devotion enticed.
Two SAMUELS who come next in line,
Tell of Eli, the High Priest of all;
How the Hebrews were given a king,
And the doings of David and Saul.
Two KINGS follow next with their tales
Of King Solomon, great and wise,
With the capture of Jerusalem,
Judah's fall and Israel's rise.
While CHRONICLES I (one) and II (two)
Are of ecclesiastical type
With genealogy, statistics and methods
Of worship and ceremonial rite.
EZRA AND NEHEMIAH are like Chronicles I and II
With the history of theocracy, and statistical items too.
Then ESTHER, the sweet virgin Jewess,
The queen so noble and brave,
Who heroically offers her life
Her beloved people to save.
Now five books of poetry rare,
Of doctrine and prophecy too
Come next as a division mark
'Twixt history and prophets so true.
JOB is a dramatic poem
Which great human suffering portrays;
Yet beneath it all a great faith,
And a knowledge of God, it displays.
PSALMS full of beauty and song,
And PROVERBS with wisdom so rare,
ECCLESIASTES with story and verse,
And SOLOMON'S SONGS fill the air.

The five major Prophets come next,
Recording the message of old,
ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, LAMENTATIONS,
EZEKIEL, and DANIEL so bold.
With twelve Minor Prophets to follow,
Each with a message of love.
HOSEA who teaches forgiveness

Of man, as does God up above.
JOEL, the prophet of Judgment,
Urging his people to repent,
And AMOS who, too, warning his people
To change lest God's judgments be sent.
OBADIAH and JONAH and MICAH,
Each striving their people to lead
Into paths of truth and right living
And all of God's teachings to heed.
NAHUM tells of the fall of Assyria;
HABUKKUK how God gives us His word,
ZEPHANIAH predicts the approach
Of the terrible day of the Lord,
HAGGAI and ZECHARIAH both urging the Jews to complete
The temple so long ago started,
And thus sin and suffering defeat.
MALACHI exhorts to repentance,
And tells of the Great Judgment Day,
And the advent of Elijah, the Prophet,
And pleads that God's laws they'll obey.

WAITING

(Awarded Third Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

By Ethellynn Jones

Waiting—
Through the darkness of the night,
Peering at the window:
Longing for a light
A ray of hope,
A shadow—to fall across the door—
Lips to caress,
Arms, embracing as of yore.

Waiting—
Mad with fear!
Knowing only the flash of steel,
The crash of war—
The moans of dying men,
Praying God,
To send him home again.

Waiting—
Stooping to steal a kiss
From her sleeping babe,
Pondering o'er the little son,
Wondering if the dawn
Will ever come.

Waiting—
Dreaming in fitful sleep
That he is by her side—
Only to awake
In Tears,
Watching—Praying—
Waiting—
Through the Years

Notes to the Field

Attention Work and Business Leaders

WILL you call your members' attention to the six prizes to be offered by the General Board of the Relief Society for Greeting Cards? It will be a credit to you, to your ward and to your stake, if one of your members wins a prize.

Six prizes, copies of *Handicrafts for Every Woman,* will be given for the best greeting or anniversary cards as follows:

For best block print (see page 77 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

For best linoleum cut (see page 79 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

For best stencil (see page 81 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

For best wax crayon (see page 122 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

For best spatter paint (see page 156 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

For best water color (see page 155 *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

All designs must be original. They may be for Mother's Day, Birthdays or other anniversaries—such as Relief Society Day, Christmas, New Year's Day or any other occasion. It is hoped that some designs submitted will be suitable to use as cards for gift Relief Society Magazines.

Any member of the Relief Society is eligible to enter this contest. All cards must be in the Secretary's office not later than November 15, 1936. Each contestant should be sure that her name and address are on the back of her card.

Send cards to General Secretary, Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WOMEN have stepped out of their seclusion and become welcome guests in our homes as singers of songs—new and beautiful. These women heard the whisperings and responded to the inspiration, released their particular gifts, and left their writings as a legacy for us to enjoy. Students of human nature, and from the diverse avenues in which they walked, they have given us gems—spiritual and intellectual. Their contribution has blessed the whole world.

THE titile "New Lamps for Old" is from the story of Alladin.

Miss Millay gave a recital of some of her poems at the West High School during the winter of 1929.

"The Citizen" by Dwyer may be found in Collier's Magazine for Nov. 20, 1915.

Teachers may probably procure a copy of this magazine for a little more than regular cost by writing:

Mr. Fred Wilkins
Danners, Mass.

or

H. W. Wison & Co.,
958 University Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

MAGAZINE DRIVE
TIME SEPTEMBER 15th TO OCTOBER 15th
PREPARE PLANS NOW
DETERMINE TO REACH HIGHER PERCENTAGES
THAN YOU DID LAST YEAR

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund

FROM the widely scattered fields covered by Relief Society, many interesting biographical sketches come into the office. These tell the story of wonderful lives, devoted to the highest ideals, servants of our Heavenly Father and His children here upon earth. They tell gripping stories of the building of the West, the dangers, the privations and the triumphs of Pioneer days. They are living examples of Faith-Hope-Charity. The story of these dear sisters always cover many years of devoted service in the Relief Society. It would give us great pleasure to publish in detail the narrative of these full and beautiful lives, but space will not permit.

July is the month when the spirit of the Pioneers is strongly with us, and it is appropriate that a brief sketch be given of as many of these as we have had sent to the office. We realize that numbers of these noble women have not been known beyond a small community; that only our kind Father above knows the full extent of their services; others have touched the lives of thousands of grateful people. They have all handed to us today a glorious heritage, and whether acknowledged or not they have the love and gratitude of Relief Society.

Logan Stake

SISTER MARY C. PEHRSSON of the Logan Stake claims the remarkable record of "a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for over fifty-two years—a temple worker for the same length of time." To achieve this distinction is evidence of an angelic disposition, with love and charity for all humanity. This interesting life began in Midoka, Sweden, more than eighty-nine years ago. Her father was a soldier in the Swedish army, but the family lived in a farming district. Sister Pehrsson says, "I attended school until I was thirteen years of age, when I had to go to work. I worked in the field, also learned to spin and weave. I could take the wool from the back of a sheep and put it through all the process necessary to make cloth, then weave the cloth also. I can do the same with flax.

"As a young girl, I met Lars Pehrsson, who worked on a farm near the one on which I worked. We became good friends and were married." Early in their married life, a Mormon Elder came into the part of Sweden where they lived. They heard the gospel message and believed it. The urge to come to Zion was very strong. Fifty-six years ago this desire was fulfilled, when they arrived in Logan, Utah, where they made their home; Sister Pehrsson says, "I have lived in three wards of Logan and have never moved from my home." Service in the Relief Society and temple work have been major activities in the life of this worthy Sister. She says, "I attended the dedicatory services of the Logan Temple May 17, 1884, also the fiftieth anniversary of this day, May 17, 1934."

"My husband filled two missions to our native land. During these years I worked very hard doing anything and everything to help support my children and keep him on his missions. The Lord blessed us even though we were deprived of many

comforts of this life. Much of my work has been among the sick and with the dead. I took care of five different people in our ward until they died, had to work early and late. Though the journey of life has been long and arduous, it has never caused me to doubt for one minute the truthfulness of the Gospel message we received in our native land."

"Now at the age of 89 years, I have nothing to do but go to the temple each day, attend my different meetings and praise God for this privilege. I have been told by the servants of the Lord that my last days will be my best days, and I feel it is so. I have good health, am able to wait on myself and keep my own home, for which I thank my Father."

Benson Stake

BENSON STAKE furnishes the sketch of another Pioneer woman. Early in this year a Relief Society Visiting Teachers' social was held in Richmond and among the interesting events was the story of this outstanding record of service. Sister Metha Cristofferson, now eighty-four years of age, has been a Visiting Teacher for forty-six years. She is the mother of thirteen children, and even with this great labor of home making and child guidance, she has found time to sew on the burial clothes commitee for the Relief Society and to diligently carry on her work in the organization and make her visits most regularly.

She feels that the Lord has greatly blessed her, and today she bears the same strong testimony of the Gospel truth that she had when she left her native land—Denmark.

South Sevier Stake

ONE of the very few remaining women who still lives to tell of the personal experience of Pioneer days, is Sister Ann Tidd, Monroe's oldest resident, who was the guest of honor at a social held in the Monroe North Ward Relief Society Hall under the direction of Mrs. Genevieve Tietjen, literary class leader. April 28, 1936, marked her ninety-fourth anniversary. Her life runs almost parallel with that of the Relief Society organization, born April 28, 1842, at Wriglose Magle, Shelland, about ten miles from Copenhagen.

She was only eight years of age when Erastus Snow carried the gospel to Denmark. Her father and family embraced the gospel, which made a great change in their lives, as they sold their old home and emigrated to America in 1862. Sister Tidd was twenty-one years old when she left Denmark. She had been in service for seven years during which time she did a great deal of spinning and carding, both wool and flax. She made all of her own clothes and helped with others. This was during the winter months. In the summer she tended cows and worked in the fields.

The long sea voyage, with crowded quarters and inadequate food, even the death of one of the party, still present a vivid picture in Sister Tidd's mind. This was followed by the long trek across the continent, more than one thousand miles on foot. It was during the Civil War, and memories of that are still clear, as the reports reached the emigrants on their westward journey. The order of the emigrant trains, the strict food regulations, "the sourdough" bread, the sleeping under the stars, the constant danger from animals and Indians, all these events are undying pictures of that memorable time!

Sister Tidd met her husband,

James W. Tidd, about two years after her arrival in Utah. Her first home was in Cottonwood, from which she moved to Sanpete. To quote from her own story, "By this time my husband's clothes were badly worn and we had a few head of sheep. I sheared the sheep, washed and carded the wool and spun it into cloth for my husband's suit.

"We stayed in Sanpete three years, then we heard of land we could get in Monroe, so we came here in 1872. In the fall of that year the Relief Society was organized by Moses Gibberd, and I was chosen as treasurer. Shortly after the Mutual was organized, and I was chosen counselor and in 1879 the Primary was organized, and I was chosen president, and held that office sixteen years. Then I was chosen president of the Relief Society and held that office ten years. I was also a teacher in Sunday School all those years."

Her biographer says, "Mrs. Tidd still enjoys reading and is a fluent speaker at religious meetings. She cuts and sews rags and makes crochet rag rugs. She does her own work and is very neat and clean and is dearly loved by young and old."

HE GAVE THEM DREAMS

By Grace Zenor Pratt

He gave them dreams, the pioneers of old,
Visions of future years; that faith so bright
That glows in martyr's breasts and wakes again
Through deepening trials and the darkest night.

God gave them visions of green valleys wide,
Of tall spires rising, mystic temple towers,
Cool lakes, soft shimmering beneath the blue—,
The sunset hills and fairy vales and bowers.

He gave them songs to sing when it was evening time—
Round camp-fire's dying embers, there beside the way;
He gave them rest, reward for toil well done,
He gave his own beloved sleep, at close of day.

He gave them resignation for each loss;
They left their loved ones lonely, silent, free from pain—
Far, far beyond that day of sorrow's aching grief—
They knew full well that loss would bring its gain.

But best of all, He gave them dreams to dream—
Of journey ended, home and fireside's peace,
Where all the troublings of a hostile world
Should be removed; they dreamed of sweet release.

They found the place—grey and untilled, forlorn—,
They set their standards—and their faith has wrought
A miracle of beauty—God hath heard their plea,
And granted answer, greater than they thought.

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Editorials

Freedom

IN the far-distant past a momentous question was settled in the Council in Heaven when Lucifer's plan of compulsion was rejected and Christ's plan of free agency was accepted. Since that time the impulse for freedom has been in men everywhere, although at times it has slumbered or been buried so deep that people did not realize it was there until it burst forth into new flame.

AMERICA, according to the Book of Mormon Prophets, was to be a land of promise where the inhabitants were to enjoy liberty as long as they served God and kept His commandments. They promised that this land should never be brought into captivity unless iniquity should abound, in which case the land should be cursed to the wrong doers, but to the righteous it should be blessed forever. The Prophet Lehi promised that if the inhabitants kept the commandments they should be blessed, none should molest them, and they should dwell safely forever. He admonished, "If the day shall come that they will reject the Holy One of Israel, the true Messiah, their Redeemer and their God, behold, the judgments of him that is just shall rest upon them. Yea, he will bring other nations unto them, and he will give unto them power, and he will take away from them the lands of their possessions, and he will cause them to be scattered and smitten."

IN due time this land, which was to be kept for people who would worship God, was discovered by Columbus. After many years freedom-hungry colonists settled in the land. Then because they felt that freedom such as they longed for and that in justice they should have was denied them, the Revolutionary War was fought.

After its triumphant close a new nation was born having an idea of individual freedom and of individual development such as no government had ever before enunciated or fostered.

It is significant to note that this Constitution was formulated by men

who believed in the necessity of God's inspiration and direction. Benjamin Franklin urged, after they had metfor some time and had been unsuccessful in arriving at satisfactory results, that a chaplain be appointed to meet with them and supplicate the Creator. He thought it was strange that while they had sensed the necessity of Divine help in the contest with Great Britain and had held prayers daily, prayers that had been heard and graciously answered, that in seeking to form a new government, they had either forgotten their "Powerful Friend" or had felt that they no longer needed His assistance. He said, "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: That *God governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?

"We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the House they labour in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war, and conquest."

So under divine guidance the Constitution was formulated beginning with, "We the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

While the Declaration of Indedence was signed on July 4, 1776, it was not until July 8th that the Liberty Bell proclaimed to all the world that a new republic had been born.

The colossal Statue of Liberty standing in New York harbor proclaims to all immigrants coming from foreign shores that this is a land where liberty reigns and that its light shall enlighten the world.

IN this country where the greatest good to the greatest number was to be the ideal, the people have taken liberty for granted and perhaps have not duly valued it. Now when half of Europe has abandoned even any semblance of democracy, they may have had and are seeking stability in leaving the power and responsibility on the shoulders of a few men, when dictators are flourishing, the people of this land of liberty should be conscious of the advantages and pricelessness of freedom. They should study its history and see what it has brought to them.

ALL too few realize how marvelous are the opportunities and benefits derived from living in this land of the free. Rose Wilder Lane in the *Saturday Evening Post* says: "Individualism has given America the highest standard of living in the world. Today America, and only America, offers every child free schooling to the gates of college. Only America has a free public-library system, with an extension service to villages and farms. Only America has free radio programs and unlicensed, untaxed radios. Common men elsewhere would hard-

ly expect to own a radio. Except the British Empire, only America has an uncensored press."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, in his book, *The Epic of America,* points out that this country's distinctive and unique gift to mankind is the *"American dream,"* a dream that foresees in America a land where life shall be "better and richer and fuller for every man," where each shall be privileged to develop his gifts and achieve according to his ability, "a dream of a social order in which each man and each woman shall be able to attain to the fullest stature of which they are innately capable."

The dream not of material wealth but of opportunity to develop to one's highest capacity, has drawn millions from the old world, and the dream has been realized more fully in America than elsewhere.

We have boasted of our wealth, of our prestige, of our power. Thinkers now realize that we should put emphasis of thought upon the true values of life. Important as mechanical and physical things are, and although they do add to the comfort and happiness of life, yet there are spiritual values which have been neglected and which should now be brought to the fore. "So the big question today is, 'What *is* a better and richer life for all men?' If the American dream is to come true and to abide with us, it will at bottom, depend on the people themselves. If we are to achieve a richer and fuller life for all, they have got to know what such an achievement implies."

President Calvin Coolidge truly said, "To live under the Constitution is the greatest political privilege that was ever accorded to the human race." We, privileged to live under this great magna charta, must realize that liberty does not mean license, it means responsibility. We should honor and sustain the law and those placed over us.

Brother and Sister Lyman Called to Mission Field

WITH mingled feelings we heard recently of the call of Apostle Richard R. Lyman and his wife, our own Amy Brown Lyman, to the European Mission. Brother Lyman will succeed Brother Joseph F. Merrill as President of the Mission.

Sister Lyman will preside over the Relief Societies. This will be the first time one of our executive officers has filled this important post. Sister Lyman's long experience and training in the work will be of inestimable help to the Mission Organizations.

We shall miss them keenly, but we rejoice because they are fitted to give unusually fine service in their new field of labor. May they do much good and get great joy from their ministry.

Close of Season's Work

AT the close of our regular study meetings, we congratulate our officers and members on the excellence of the work accomplished. Teachers have shown marked improvement in teaching ability; members have participated more generally in the class work, and there has been the same beautiful spirit that has ever characterized our meetings.

Closing union meetings have been unusually enjoyable and inspiring. Some stakes gave lovely dramatizations showing different phases of our work. The social hour that followed made for good fellowship. The

loveliness of these occasions contributed to the culture and refinement of the members.

May a well earned rest come to all our officers and members. They should remember, however, that—

"Rest is not quitting life's busy career,
Rest is but fitting one's self for her sphere."

May the summer vacation be delightful, may much sewing be done for the needy and much reading enjoyed that will enrich the work of the coming season.

Minerva Richards Knowlton

MINERVA RICHARDS KNOWLTON, mother of our Board Member, Marcia K. Howells, passed to the great beyond May 28, 1936.

For years Sister Knowlton served efficiently as secretary, counselor, then as president of the Relief Societies of Davis County. Her work was most effective. Sister Wells said, "Sister Knowlton can always be depended upon to see the right way and do the right thing."

All who knew her recognized how lovely was her personality, how unselfish, kind and self-sacrificing she was.

She was a wonderful mother. Not only did she rear her own children but several of her husband's children whose mother had died and several grandchildren.

Sister Knowlton knew the conditions of Pioneer life. She was always a hard worker. As a young girl she milked cows, churned butter, scrubbed floors, washed and ironed, carded wool for quilts, made rag carpets and in addition did quantities of fine art needle work.

She loved life deeply and got the most enduring values out of it. She made many wise remarks. We quote three of them: "I have found that not only children but even grown people feel more comfortable when they are well and appropriately dressed." "When I was unhappy, I always tried to do something for someone else, the doing of which brought me happiness in return." "To have a true friend one must be a true friend and the same is true regarding neighbors."

Sister Knwolton's last years were spent as a temple worker, where her gentle sweetness endeared her to all.

In her death the grave has won no victory, her fine character, her excellent example, and her lovely personality, which have so enriched the lives of others, will not be forgotten; and her numerous good works will live as a monument to her memory and an inspiration to others. She has but passed from mortality to immortality where she will enjoy her reward and the fulfilment of her highest desires.

Character Building of the Little Child

By Ida M. Durnin

AS surely and imperceptibly as the passing of time the character of the little child is formed. We cannot follow the growth of the child's character, yet we know that day by day the habits of the child are being formed in the home. He is simply the raw material out of which character is to be fashioned by the almost imperceptible influence of his surroundings.

All parents desire the best for their children in both mental and physical ways. But so often we do not know what is the best. It is not the fine furniture in the house that makes the ideal home but rather the attitude of the parents in the home however small it may be as example is, of course, the best teacher, and children learn by what they see the parents do, and not by what they are told. They must study the children as individuals and teach them, while they are small the fundamental habits of cleanliness, helpfulness and manners we so much desire for our children as they grow into men and women.

Every mother will admit that it is far easier to do all the little trivial tasks about the house than it is to teach little bungling fingers how to do these tasks, but patient teaching will result in much good, as the child is learning co-operation, responsibility in the care of the home, and also the surplus energy of the child is being utilized in other ways than in boisterous play.

As soon as the child is old enough to play and scatter toys about he is old enough to help mother put them away. A bottom drawer in a cupboard or dresser is an ideal place for toys as it is easy for the small child to get them out when he wants them, and after a few times of helping him pick up the toys and put them away, it will come natural and he will consider it part of the play time if just a few words of praise and encouragement are given by mother when everything is nicely put away. It is well to watch the child that he does not get over tried at his play before starting to put the toys away or there may be a scene and he refuse to pick them up.

As the lesson in putting away toys is being taught, he can also learn to hang up his little coat and cap, but before trying to teach this neatness be sure that the hangers are pretty and bright and low enough for him to reach easily.

In the bath room too see that a little stool is provided that he may be able to reach the washbowl with ease, have his own little towels within easy reach, also bright colored wash cloth, pretty colored soaps which are now put out by National Soap Manufacturing companies, bright handled tooth brushes and paste that tastes like gum is an incentive to clean teeth. One of the things that the modern dentist tries to impress upon young mothers is that the baby teeth should receive just as careful care as the second set.

As the child grows older and acquires an accumulation of toys just like mother uses, only smaller, they may be turned to good account in child training, a toy broom will sweep the porch and steps just as well as a larger one. The toy electric iron that is such a joy to every little girl to iron her doll clothes, can be used to teach her to iron small

articles for mother, and iron them well.

Wash days are never a joy even with the best equipment, but it is really a help if the child has a toy line and pins and hangs up all the small pieces which are such a nuisance when one is tired and in a hurry.

It is surprising how young a child may be taught to put a room in order, papers and magazines picked up and placed in the rack, and while doing this the accumulation of litter and trash on the living room floor can be picked up, and by using praise and patience with their first efforts it is surprising how soon a child will be able to do a good job of setting a room to rights and saving mother hundreds of steps a day. A pretty bright colored dust cloth with little apron and cap to match is a clever way to make dusting attractive, as every little girl likes to dress up.

Little son likes to do chores when father is doing his and the feeling of the importance of co-operation makes every task a pleasure to him, of course it's necessary to have tools and equipment suited to his size, and here again the practical toys come into use, there is almost no end of uses for the small wagon and wheelbarrow; these with the toy shovel, rake and hoe, can be utilized to keep the yard free from litter and trash.

Chips, cobs and wood can be hauled to the back door for mother, and if a nice spicy, brown cooky, and a sunny smile from mother greets the little worker, how much more easily and more cheerfully will all these tasks be done, and how much happier will the child be in its efforts to help mother, if these efforts are duly appreciated and encouraged by words and looks of praise. It is never too early to begin training our children to be useful men and women, and to form their character that they may be able to take their place in the scheme of life and be able to carry on successfully.

PRAYER AT THE TRAIL'S BEGINNING

By Linnie Parker

As I stand at the foot of the mountain
And gaze at the peaks I must scale,
Oh, dear God, give me strength not to falter
As I climb up the rough, rocky trail!

All life's pathway has been so delightful—
So smooth and so easy before,
That my feet, unaccustomed to climbing
Have thousands of perils in store.

Give my feet and my hands that firm sureness
They'll need for this dangerous road,
Give me vision that's clearer and keener,
And strengthen my back for its load;

Give me courage to keep right on climbing—
From here it looks hard, but I know
That the trail will grow less steep and rugged
With each forward step that I go;

Give me faith in the One who created
This steep mountain-side and the trail—
May I know He who called me to climb it
Will give me the strength not to fail!

Hidden Worth

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

"AS ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Jesus said so long ago. We read but we do not always act. How often we neglect the opportunity before us! We, like the ancient Greeks, too often expect a beautiful body to cover a beautiful soul. Once, in those almost forgotten yesterdays, when to go to the fair at the county seat was an adventure, my big brother hired a rig from the livery stable and traveled the eighteen miles to attend the fair. When he returned he brought with him a beautiful ivy for my mother who was a lover of house plants.

ONE day, mother noticed a tiny plant, so wilted and starved-looking, struggling to make its way beneath the ivy. She carefully removed it to a pot of its own. My brother teased her heartily for devoting more time and attention to the foundling than to the beauty he had bought for her. My mother smiled and said, "I have always been intrigued by the possibilities in apparently insignificant things, I shall take care of it and see what it becomes."

As time went by the tiny thing became a plant of rare beauty. Although I have spent much time in the development of plants in my garden, I have never seen its like. It was some kind of cactus producing enormous scarlet blossoms which dripped honey in such quantities that papers had to be spread beneath it to protect the furnishings near it. At one time it carried seventeen brilliant blossoms and was a sight worthy of anyone's attention.

HOW often among our fellows is that true also! How many apparently common folk have hidden possibilities if they were given more encouragement! How many of the little ones intrusted to our care may be among the world's great, tomorrow? How many Edisons are we pushing aside, in our impatience, because we do not understand? How many great souls among our humble neighbors are we discouraging because their great worth is not apparent? How many of us have eyes and see not! From among the "least of these" came Christ, himself, Socrates and numerous brethren.

Tenderly, thoughtfully, patiently, let us care for the little ones and the humble ones among us. Our greatest souls may wear the simplest forms:

A humble lump of matted earth
  Beside a paved street lay,
Where sun could shine and rain could fall,
  Where rough feet trod all day.

Men marveled when a tulip bloomed
  From that poor clod one mourn;
Still, was it not from common clay
  The Son of God was born?

APPRECIATION

By Matilda F. Mortensen

The flowers, dear friend, you brought me yesterday
Hath taken root, and clinging tendrils find
Their way and twine around my heart.
I wonder if you knew the words they'd say
And if you knew the meaning they'd impart.
I wonder if you knew their value in their art
Of healing wounds so sore.
And if you knew, they would not die,
But bloom afresh each day, forever more.
I wonder if you knew I hungered for them, too,
And if you knew I'd know their worth
The flowers that came from you.
And if I knew the message they did bear
From You. With others I should share
Prolific bloom and lasting fragrance sweet
To help them on as you did me.
And when I close my eyes in that last sleep
'Twill help me cross the way, the flowers you sent.
The flowers we love today
Encouragement.

EARTH'S SYMPHONY

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

Earth is replete with sunshine now,
And blossoms riot on the bough;
Out of its frozen sleep the stream
Leaps singing where its banks are green;
And on the shoulders of the hill
Flashes the gold of daffodil;
The valleys wake to bursts of song
As the soaring lark his notes prolong.
Over the dew of morning grass
The harmony of colors pass
Mirrored in each crystal prism
Reflecting life and light and rhythm.
But oh, the glory over all
And oh, the glory in it all
Is, "Christ the Lord is Risen!"

CHILD OF THE HAND-CART TRAIN

By Camilla Woodbury Judd

I see her trudging down the dusty trail,
Struggling to keep within the hand-cart's sight,
A girl-child, knowing anguish and travail,
Clasping the hand of baby brother tight—
Or on her back the loving burden bore,
Her faithful little feet so tired and sore.

I hear her singing down the silent wind,
Singing to the creaking of hand-cart wheels;
Cheering the lagging feet that fall behind,
A song of faith and courage as she kneels
To smile into a little tear-stained face,
And heal its heartache with her childish grace.

Sighing and praying when all is still;
Beseeching God in His mercy and might,
To heal her father stricken so ill;
Dear little body o'erburdened with care,
Tomorrow the weight of the load must share.

I see her lending her childish might,
Pushing the cart on its tortuous way
For her gentle mother, broken and white,
Alone in the traces must toil today;
Dear God, give me just one note of that song,
Of the spirit that led her feet along.

I see her sobbing by the campfire's glare,
Piling it higher with trembling hand;
For baby, left to the children's care,
Is lost in the treacherous timberland;
And her father, weak from fever and pain,
Is searching and praying and calling in vain.

I can see him standing so gaunt and tall,
While her mother pins 'round him, a bright wool shawl—
"If you find him dead—wrap him tenderly,
If alive, a signal wave to me,"
And breathing a prayer, "Thy will be done,"
Alone he faces the rising sun.

I see her keep watch by the dimming trail,
Three days have passed and her tired eyes fill;
But the faith within her will never fail,
When lo—from the top of a distant hill
Glimmering faint in the sunset's glow,
A bright wool shawl waves to and fro.

I see her kneeling—words cannot tell,
The sweet soul gratitude given birth;
Someone is singing, "All is Well,"
And she falls asleep on her bed of earth.
Kind God, I thank Thee that she I can claim,
As my mother—child of the hand-cart train.

MOTHER

By Bertha M. Rosvear

God has given us blessings far more than our share,
Since He placed us on earth here to live;
But to crown all the rest He has graciously given
The most priceless He ever could give,
Though He carefully searched through the Heavens and earth
He never could find such another.
To each He has given that which we love best,
A wonderful, wonderful Mother.

No one else so lovingly, patiently would
Have tended our long baby years;
With unceasing vigilance watched, day and night,
To shield, lest some danger come near.
No one else humbly, earnestly would have prayed
For patience to teach us aright
The laws of rectitude, virtue, and truth
So pleasing in God's holy sight.

So, too, as we came to maturer estate
Her sympathy, guidance, and love,
As a sweet benediction, inspiring fell
'Round our lives, as a light from above.
And though oft we were thoughtless, and grieved her, 'tis true,
Perhaps caused her much sorrow and pain,
Her faith never faltered, her love, still as true,
Brought us back to our senses again.

Our Father, we thank Thee, for this Holy day,
So different from any other;
And sincerely our honor, and homage we pay,
Each one, to his own dearest Mother.
We ask Thee to bless her, and keep her from harm,
That she may continue to be
Our loving companion, inspiring us on
To Heaven, to Glory, To Thee.

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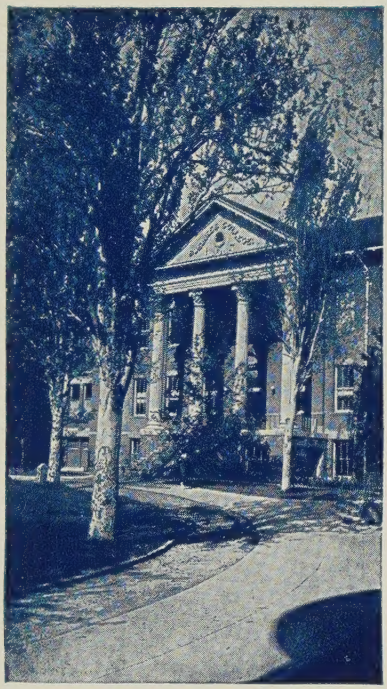

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This friendly insurance company is also built on an ideal to give low cost insurance protection to the greatest possible number of people. To encourage this, Beneficial premiums are among the lowest; dividends are high; and every policy holder participates in all the net earnings of the company.

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